Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE { CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1840.

VOL. IX.—No 51.

THE PRINCETON OF THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

The SPIRIT OF THE TIMES This Week

IS EMBELLISHED WITH

Two Superb Steel Plate Engravings,

BEING THE PORTRAITS OF

SHARK AND HEDGFORD.

☞ In order that our Subscribers in Town and Country might be supplied this week with Portraits both of *Shark* and *Hedgford*, we have sent our paper to press at an unusually early hour.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The two gentlemen who have been discussing in this paper the comparative merits of the imported horses *Priam* and *Emancipation* are apprised that nothing further will be published on either side, except in our advertising columns. Each side having been heard, and the matter at issue being fairly placed before the public, it would be doing injustice to a great majority of our readers (who don't care a straw about the subject,) to occupy so much space with the communications referred to, when we could employ it to the interest and advantage of our subscribers generally.

A list of the stock of our venerable friend Major C. shall have an immediate insertion in the "Register."

R. L. A.'s letter from B. has been received on the subject of trotting stallions; also, P. C. S.'s. Their letters are on file, and should any thing offer to their advantage, they shall hear from us.

The letters of G. W. D., of B., and of O. S. H., Jr. of N., relative to Setter dogs have been received. All orders on hand have been filled, but we shall be in want presently, without doubt, having shipped half a dozen brace within a month.

J. B. G., late of Ala. We shall hold you to your promise—such articles are always acceptable.

C. F. M. N. Much obliged for your letter—by the bye, the enclosure was valueless, being a mere "counterfeit presentment" of the "real grit!"

W. L. C., of Ohio, will please accept our best thanks for the uniform interest he has displayed in the success of the "Spirit." His account shall be considered settled to the 7th March, 1841.

The article on "Deer Hunting near Carlisle, Pa," is gratefully acknowledged, and will appear in our next.

P. M. R.'s letter from W. is received, and his request attended to. Intelligence of the intended sale reached us the day previous to your letter, through him who advised it. When you see the sis. to C. you will change your mind, we hope and trust. Your arrival here is anticipated with keen interest. Geo. is attending the Charleston races.

J. F. M.'s setters were shipped to New Orleans per the "Nashville," last Monday, and Gen. J. H. A.'s to Charleston, per the "Sutton," on Thursday last.

Last evening's Mails brought us, just as our paper was going to press, letters from "G."—"Senex," W. H., W. C. R., and T. W., all of Washington City. Several advertisements, as well as the communications, are unavoidably postponed until next Saturday.

TYPE FOR SALE.

To keep pace with the improvements of the day, and in accordance with the "spirit of the times," the publishers of This Paper will issue it on the 7th of March next in an entirely new and unique dress. Accordingly, having little further occasion for the several varieties of Type at present in use, they offer it for sale on the most liberal terms. The font of *Brevier* is above 600 lbs. weight. The font of *Nonpareil* is about 250 lbs. The necessary fonts of Fancy Type are also ample. The type has been in use but a comparatively short time, as must be remarked from its appearance. Apply, if by letter, post paid, to the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times." Jan. 31st.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1840.

LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The ship *Tarolinta*, Capt. Smith, arrived on Thursday afternoon from Liverpool, bringing a few papers up to the 4th of January, and London dates to the 3rd. This being a transient vessel, which sailed thence in company with the packet ship *Cambridge*, now hourly expected, no papers were brought except by the passengers. We compile a summary of the news from our daily contemporaries, for the informatiou of the planting and agricultural interests.

The "Courier" states that "the Liverpool Cotton Market has not undergone any material change, which perhaps under existing circumstances is as well as could be expected, Since our former dates, we find that on the 31st December, prices fell about ¼d, on the 2d January, there was a small concession to purchasers, and on the 3d January, a rise of ⅛d. The stock held in the ports of Great Britain at the close of the year, is less by 55,000 bales than it was at the beginning, and prices lower by 1½d for American Cotton than they were then.

"The markets for bread stuffs have undergone but little change, though the duty is higher of course, in consequence of a decline in the averages.

"There appears to be some marked symptoms of improvement in the manufacturing districts, though the distress among the operatives is still represented to be excessive.

"The Money Market is certainly easier, and Consols and Exchequer Bills higher. The Liverpool Banks too have reduced the rate of interest they charged; but whether these circumstances may not be justly attributed to the same causes which are operating here,—a general depression and curtailment of Mercantile operations—is a question at least worthy of attention. One fact is certainly favorable, the Bank of England is not pressed for bullion or specie at the moment, to meet an extraordinary import of Grain or Flour."

The annual Circular of Dawson & Hance, wool traders, is to the following effect:—

"The demand for foreign wool during the past year was steady, and on the whole satisfactory, up to the month of October, when the pressure on the money market, during a long period of increasing severity, began to be more acutely felt in the wool market; and the demand has continued to fall off until the present time, when it may be said to be altogether suspended.

"Notwithstanding the great increase in the imports, the stocks of foreign wool are not large; but the consumptive demand has materially diminished during the last three months, and we fear will continue languid for some time, unless the export demand for goods and yarns improves early in the spring."

The stock of Cotton on hand 31st Dec. was 250,490 bales, of which 206,009 are in Liverpool. The deliveries to the trade during the year were 1,058,676 bales.

The Corn market had not advanced—the averages were lower, and consequently the duties had increased.

Rumored Ministerial Changes.—Marquis of Normanby to go to Paris as British Ambassador, vice Lord Granville. Lord Granville to go to India as Governor General, vice Lord Aukland. Lord Ebrington to take Lord Normanby's place in the Home Office, and the Duke of Devonshire to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Died, on the 31st of December, at the hour of ten in the morning, at Brougham Hall, Westmoreland, in the 87th year of her age, Mrs. Brougham, widow of the late Henry Brougham, Esq., and mother of Lord Brougham. She was a lady of the most amiable disposition, and was universally respected and esteemed—almost adored—by those who had the honor of her acquaintance. No lady in the North of England was more refined in her manners and behavior, and no one was more endeared to high and low, rich and poor. Above all, she was truly a religious character.

A letter from Hanover of Dec. 10, in the "Cologne Gazette," says that several persons had been arrested in the Theatre for hissing and hooting, contrary to the lately published ordinance.

The Sardinian Government, with a view to repress the practice of duelling as much as possible, has denounced, in the penal code just promulgated, a heavy penalty upon the survivor in a fatal meeting, but made it reducible in the proportion to the provocation given, and the nature of the circumstances attending the fight.

REPORT OF THE JOINT BOARD OF DIRECTORS to the Stockholders of the Delaware and Raritan Canal, and Camden and Amboy Rail Road and Transportation Companies, on the Completion of their Works; with the Proceedings of the Stockholders, at their meeting on the 29th Jan. 1840. *Princeton;* 1840.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of this Report, which has been looked for by the public with great avidity. Not that we take any particular interest in railroads or canals, more than others, but that it will afford us a becoming opportunity of correcting more than one erroneous impression with regard to the Northern Turf and Northern Turfmen. The Report to any one who feels he has a stake in the country—who is sensibly alive to whatever concerns her improvement and prosperity, the development of her internal resources, and the means and sources of her wealth, will be exceedingly interesting. It is written without "the aid of foreign ornament," in a style of terse dignified simplicity, and the numerous Tables of Statistics embraced in it are unusually perspicuous and valuable. We have not leisure this week to give the Report the serious attention it challenges, nor sufficient space for the quotations its interest invites. On a more fitting opportunity, however, we shall revert to the subject, in the confident expectation of satisfying many of our friends in the South and West, that if the Turfmen of the North have seemed of late years to have neglected in some degree what has ever been to them a source of amusement, and enjoyed as a relaxation from the stern duties and requirements of life, it is not to be attributed to any decline of good feeling for their contemporaries, nor their fondness for the manly and chivalrous Sports of the Turf. Breeding and Racing have been entered into here as an amusement, and as an amusement peculiar to gentlemen, by whom alone it is participated in. That many of those most prominent in former years have of late partially denied themselves a participation in a manly pastime, so characteristic of men of wealth, enterprise, and spirit, is to be attributed to the fact that these very requisites, so essential on the Turf, pre-eminently fitted them for the service of their country, and the community of which they are Corinthian columns. Their talents and resources, their influence and indomitable spirit of enterprize and perseverance, have been necessary to the successful prosecution of the great Public Works of the country. In the course of events, Canals, Rail Roads, Steamboats, etc., have been required, and the very individuals selected to commence these "enterprises of great pith and moment," and prosecute them to a successful issue, have been in a great measure comprised of the Turfmen of New York and New Jersey. We shall recur to this matter again.

"*Journal of the American Institute.*"—We have just received, through the complaisance of an esteemed friend, a number of this excellent monthly publication, containing a List of the "Premiums accorded by the Managers of the Twelfth Annual Fair of the Institute, held at Niblo's Garden" (in this city) in Oct. last. Such extracts from it as may be deemed calculated to interest our readers will be copied in our next.

MORE ANTICIPATED NEWS.

By the exercise of that kind of *clairvoyance*, which editors very naturally acquire, by long practice, in compiling news from the English papers, we have obtained the following programme of the

GRAND MUSICAL FETE AT WINDSOR PALACE,

ON SAINT VALENTINE'S EVE.

PART I.

1. Grand Overture: "Fra Diavolo"—Duke of Cumberland, and Band.
2. Grand chorus: "God save the Queen"—By the whole company.
3. Song: "The Bride's Farewell ("Farewell, mother!" &c.)—The Queen.
4. Song: "This sweet wee wife o' mine!"—Prince Albert.
5. Song: "Since then I'm doomed"—Prince George of Cambridge.
6. Comic Song: "I'm quite a family man!"—Lord Melbourne.
7. Scena: "Rendez moi ma patrie!"—Baroness Lehzen: German flute, obligato, by King Leopold.
8. March: by *Bochsa*, (for Grand Promenade)—Earl of Waterford.

PART II.

1. March and Valse from "Le fil du Danube"—Weippert's Band.
2. Duett: "Oh, no! we never mention *her*?":—Ladies Tavistock and Portman.
3. Song: "Le *premier* caprice"—Lord Melbourne.
4. Song: "They have given thee to another!"—Prince George of Cambridge.
5. Song: "Erin is my home"—Daniel O'Connell.
6. Glee: "The Schoolmaster" (by Haydn)—Lord Brougham, &c.
7. Song: "I'll be no submissive wife"—Victoria R.
8. Song: "Yellow-haired laddie"—Hon. Chas. Aug. Murray.
9. Catch:

"Oh dear, Doctor, can you tell
What will make a sick girl well?"

By the Queen, the Baroness, and Sir James Clarke, M.D.

PART III.

1. Overture: "Der Vampyr," on the piano—King of Hanover.
2. Song: "Off in a curricle we go!"—Count D'Orsay.
3. Song: "Nid, nid, noddin!"—Lord Glenelg.
4. Song: "Saw ye aught of my love?"—Mr. Bishop.
5. Song: "When we two parted"—Sir Lytton Bulwer.
6. Chorus. "Yankee Doodle"—Messrs. Stevenson, Rush, Willis, Duer, Swartwout, &c.
7. Song: "Oh, 'tis love, 'tis *love*, 'tis "LOVE!"—Sheridan Knowles.
8. Song: "I dance, I sing, I play"—James Crow Rice.
9. Duett: "Hark! the hour of rest is ringing"—Victoria and Albert.
10. Finale: "Sich a gittin up stairs," with variations—The whole.

An Ignoramus.—A few days ago, as J—— was trundling a wheelbarrow through one of our streets, he was considerably annoyed by a sow with her litter of juvenile porkers, who not having the fear of hog-reeves before their eyes, had started on a public promenade. The wheelbarrow, as wheelbarrows are apt to do, kept up a squeaking, in very good imitation of a grunter. The aforesaid sow, thinking him of the barrow to be inflicting cruelty upon her offspring, immediately seized him by the leg. J——, turning round and coolly surveying the old sow, addressed her in this wise—"You d—d old fool—don't you know a wheel-*barrow* from a *pig*?"

A CORPSE GOING TO A BALL.

The "New York Observer," a religious paper, relates the following story, and vouches for its truth, but we make no doubt it is a heartless fabrication, and that the editors of the "Observer" have been "hoaxed scandalous;"—

Those who read the thrilling "passages from the diary of a London Physician," that were published a few years since, will remember one tale under the title of "Death at the Toilet." Although it was asserted by the writer that those narratives were the records of *facts*, few, I presume, were willing to believe that real life could furnish matter of such *romantic* interest. Especially did the one alluded to strike my own mind as quite unnatural, and I read it, as others, admiring the genius more than the veracity of the writer.—Perhaps some who have seen the words at the head of this article may imagine that they were about to be treated to a passage from the dreams of fancy; but they are mistaken. I have a sad and solemn tale of truth to relate, and when it has been read, there will be no hesitation in believing that "*truth* is stranger than fiction." No coloring shall be laid on the story: no art of embellishment shall heighten its interest; it shall be told to others as it was told to me, and you shall be convinced that there is nothing more than *truth* in the story of the corpse that went to a ball. You recollect the first day of January, 1840. It was a bitter cold day. It was cold as far South as the city of New York, and up here in the country, where I am writing, it was terribly severe. You could not ride far against the wind without being exposed to freezing. I have heard of two cases of death by cold on that day in this region, and of another case in which the sufferer was saved by great exertion, when at the point of perishing.

The night of that day was to be observed, as is usual here, by a New Year's ball. Invitations had been extended for many miles around, and a great gathering of the young, and gay, and thoughtless, was expected. Extensive preparations had been made for an evening of merriment and glee, and merry hearts beat quickly in anticipation of the pleasures of the scene. None was happier in the thought of coming joy than Miss ——, who took her seat in the sleigh, by the side of her partner for the evening, and set out for a ride of some twenty miles, to join the dance. She was young and gay, and her charms of youth and beauty never were lovelier than when dressed for that New Year's ball. Of course too thinly clad for the season, and especially for that dreadful day, she had not gone far before she complained of being cold, very cold; but their anxiety to reach the end of their ride in time to be present at the opening of the dance, induced them to hurry onward without stopping by the way. Not long after this complaining, she said that she felt perfectly comfortable, and now quite warm, and that there was no necessity of delay on her account. They reached, at length, the house where the company were gathering; the young man leaped from the sleigh, and extended his hand to assist her out, but she did not offer hers; he spoke to her, she answered not; she was dead, stone dead—frozen stiff—a corpse on the way to a ball.

"*My Kingdom for a Horse.*"—The editor of the Nassau Telegraph has a colt for sale—one of his own raising too. Better keep him to ride after delinquent "patrons."

Let him use the *cash* system, and his patrons will ride and walk after *him*, and never be delinquent.—*Tattler.*

True—if he does not wish to *curry* favor with his patrons, it be*hoofs* him to follow the cash system as his *mane* chance.—*Clipper.*

A Down-easter advertises for a wife in the following manner:—"Any gal what's got a cow, a good feather bed with comfortable fixins, five hundred dollars in the hard pewter; one that's had the meazles and understands tendin' children, can find a customer for life, by writin' a small *billy dux*, addressed to Q Z., and stickin' it in a crack of Uncle Ebenezer's barn, back side, joining the hog-pen.

A tall Jonathan from Vermont was patrolling the streets of Boston, a short time since, with a sheet of gingerbread under his arm, and gazing at the signs, when one, which was labelled "General Finding Store," attracted his attention. He entered, chewing at his gingerbread, and after a severe effort at swallowing, like a hen eating dough, he exclaimed—"I swow! you must be darn'd lucky chaps to *find* all these here things—I 'spose you ha'nt found my umbrella nor nothin' are you?"

The March of Impudence.—We were aware that impudence was gaining ground rapidly, yet we own that we did not believe it had assumed such a brazen front, as the following extract from a letter received in this city, shows, dated Macon, Feb. 2, by a gentleman who had forwarded per railroad and stage a keg of oysters to a friend in that place. The extract is given *verbatim et literatim*:—

"I observed yesterday a small pail of oysters at the stage office, and knowing that they could not reach Mr. T., as directed, and the weather being quite warm, thinking they would *spile*, took the liberty of dividing them amongst my friends, and hope you will excuse the trespass, as no evil was intended."

Savannah Telegraph.

A Frenchman's Definition of Broker.—"Ah! I maik von decouverte!—dat is de raison vat for de peepelle coll de agent Brokair—it is bekose venne de personne hav bizzeenesse vid him he become *broke.*"

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM LONG ISLAND.

A Letter upon Matters and Things in general, and Trout and Birds in particular, addressed to the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times."

My dear Fellow Sportsman,—I have often met you on the Island, driving through the brush, straight as a streak, for CONKLIN'S, with JACKSON'S sorrel ponies—a friend beside you—fishing-rods in the waggon, and two dark looking conveniences with your "fixins" behind, all in apple-pie order. Does not the approach of another season awaken in you glorious anticipations? What—although the times are sadly out of joint, and many of us are cut up—mutilated and shorn most uncommon close!—will the brooding over misfortunes mend them? Besides, as the poet says, "clouds will not always low'r." We are wending along through a tedious winter—frosts by and by will disappear, and sunshine once more warm the earth—the leaf will burst anew its swelling bud—the garish fly will yet sparkle in the sun-beam, and when he dips his gorgeous wings in the clear waters below, the monarch of the brook, as the poet says, will again be lured

"from his dark haunts
Beneath the tangled roots of pendent trees."

Do not these coming events, as the poet again says, "cast their shadows before?" Are not their associations, in these gloomy days, bright spots for the heart to dwell on.

Pity it is—but so it is, Mr. Editor—men must be born sportsmen, as folks questionably say poets are born.

JESSE CONKLIN, LIFF. SNEDICOR, Maj. BLYDENBURGH, and SAM. CARMAN—can the thrill of your euphoneous appellations deaden the pang of disappointment which the worldly wise men of the present day experience at finding among their Penates, their household gods, a single slow bill receivable? Can the magic of your fame conjure up a spirit of forbearance, or lay the demons of anxiety among this nameless throng? Can your magnetic remembrance attract their souls with the calm enjoyments of the gently rippled trout-pond, or the pleasing excitement of a whirring bevy? Can you impart to them, or fasten on their minds what the immortal poet so truly says—

"That a *Sportsman's* life
Is nobler far than attending for a *check.*"

Alas! your bright galaxy is lustreless! The posy of your renown, so redolent of departing winter and blooming spring, of one-handed rods—single-action reels—tapering lines—and gorgeous flies—is odorless! Their aversion to your enchantments is as decided as a sportsman's love is sincere. What can't be

cured, must be endured.—We are good men, and as the poet says, these are scarce—Boni quippe rari. As such we will sympathise with this "turba sine nomine." We will bewail with them the heart-rending disappointments their cruel show bills occasion. And we will finally whisper to them the word of comfort the good hound spoke the fox, when they were skinning him—"'Tis nothing, my good friend, when you once get used to it."

The times (not "the Spirit"), Mr. Editor, are bad—bad—and with some of us 'tis a pretty tight squeeze; yet we must neither sulk nor bolt the course, but like all thorough-breds, answer when called upon. That done, as the old song says, "when summer comes again," if we cannot ride behind the ponies, we *can* "scent the morning air" with our friend the Major in his stage, when, if not swept along, as the poet once more says, "swift as imagination on the wings of thought," yet, stowed side by side with a Long Island lassie, "sweet as a flower, and upright as a bolt," we may, in pleasing conversation, while away the time, and perchance not find the ride a tedious one.

You must know, my Alter Ego, that I am not quite as young as I may have been. Old Time has somewhat stiffened my limbs, and run up his iron grey signal on my once "gowden locks." Locks which, in by-gone days, I cherished as I did the apple of my eye. I prided myself on them, as being the orthodox "flava coma" of poets and painters; such as Ovid and Horace sung, among the charms of their Pyrrhas and Lesbia; such as Raphael and Rubens painted—one in his inspired Madonna—the other in his fat mistress. Such things must happen. Time will thin all our locks. Happy is he who can look back upon the joys of his early days, and recal the delights of his juvenile adventures, without exclaiming with the querulous poet, "Eheu! Non sum quatis eram!" Sich cattle, in these church going days, are mighty scarce.—Yet, seriously, I believe the retrospection of the true hearted sportsman is as free from guile and as happy as many of those who look upon us and our pursuits with a contemning eye. Aye, even of those who in the "temple," thank God, they are not as other men are—extortioners—unjust—adulterers—or even as this publican, "who fast twice in the week and give tithes of all they possess." They misconceive us, brother Sportsman, who think that while wending our solitary way through the breezy uplands, or planted by the lonely stream, where "willows dip their leafy points"—we never lift our hearts to the giver of all good—that we never lift our eyes to heaven, and say, God be merciful to me, a sinner!

I do not mean my "song to turn out a sermon;" such, at proper times, are all right; but the fact is, my jackass gallops too good to last long, and if I pull him up here, or take a wet there, I can't get him in his stride again. The appropriate "pendants" to the figure of a sportsman, in our part of the country, are trout and birds—as they, in their mimic forms, now hang before me, they awaken the reminiscence (I like to be in the go) of former scenes.—Among both, in the slight touches I am about to exhibit, I know not if I can add either to your amusement or information; but Balaam, just now, has the bridle in his teeth, and I might as well pull against a barn door; so, since I can't stop him, I'll give him head, and run him to a stand still.

Once upon a time, and a long time ago, I determined to pass a day or two, with our friend the Major, at Stump Pond. So I tackled up the old mare, a good one to go in those days, as some folks remember; stowed away my plunder in the box, carefully arranged my ancient fishing-coat over the seat, strapped my fly-rod, in its leather-case, horizontally to the side of my sulky, threw my over-coat over all, and was off in a crack. In the days I speak of, the Major was a widower, and would sometimes accommodate his visitors in his own snug house under the hill, just beyont the store, and immediately on the borders of the best trout pond on the Island. I had many doubts and misgivings, in my go-along drive, of my success in ensconcing myself in these snug quarters; for the Major, you know, is not only a fancy man, but a fanciful one, and can say that hard hearted word—No—almost as loud as most folks. We cannot, however, sweep the stakes if we don't make a run for them, and too early a rush will oftener lose than win. So I gives the old mare a kick, and says, with the Oxford scholars, "ite Capellæ"—go a-head, ye cripples.

"Good even, Major," was my suasive address, as he hitched up to my smoking mare, "I am glad to see you, and hope the folks are all hearty."

"We are all up and doing, thank ye, Mr. Ringlet, and hope the same to you. Come to try the trout, I see."

"Aye, Major, you and I must have another bout—that is, if you can spare the time, for I see you are making hay while the sun shines—mill going—big store, and a new boat in the pond. A lucky man are you, Major."

"I can't complain, Mr. Ringlet; things move pretty slick with me."

"Now, Major, if you'll let a boy hold the mare, I'll just get out, with your permission, stretch my legs, and take a drink of sum'at, the evening is kind o' chilly, and I feel a leetle cramped."

"By George, Major, that brandy of yours, as some folks say, would make a body talk French, straight only. Many of our crack hotels could'n't give one half so good."

"'Tis pretty fair, Mr. Ringlet, I got it from Uncle Henry, who sometimes wets his line here."

"And his whistle too, Major, if we should judge from the liquor."

"None have a better right, Uncle Henry is as honest as his brandy."

"Agreed, Major, but how far do you call it to Mills' tavern!"

"About two miles."

"Now, Major, it is a pretty blind kind of a road, and I have staid chatting so long with you, that you must try to stow me somewhere for the night."

"Well, Mr. Ringlet, my family is pretty large now; folks from the mill to feed, and poorly off for help, but s'pose I must try."

The Major is a man of substance; I was soon inducted into a comfortable parlor, on the 2d story, over-looking the lower part of the pond, and having a nice bed-room leading off. The mare, too, was equally well cared for; rubbed dry, a fresh bed of straw spread under her, and when cool, fed; we were both in a good fix.

This was in the merry month of May; a month with its pleasing adjuncts, which makes a down east excursion so delightful. Bobbing for trout, as Communipaw niggers do for eels, by netting a line in February,—permit me to say, Mr. P., is not the thing. As well might one shoot grouse in August, or woodcock in June. Let them feel the genuine influence which all nature acknowledges, and you will then find the active, clean, and bright speckled trout, somewhat different from the black headed, heavy, dull fish of February; such as suck in the bait so gingerly as scarcely to disturb the float. I must also put in my black ball against the use of a float—as connected with trout fishing.—The indolent citizen, with his heavy two-handed rod, and tackle, strong enough to land a porpoise, may find some excuse for the use of one; but what fisherman ever made a proper cast for trout with a float on? or what pride of art does one experience with such gear? The first, the second, and the third thing needful to render trout fishing delightful, is a proper fit out; without this, I would as soon catch tom-cods off the Battery. A one-handed elastic rod, about 12 feet long, with the proper taper, from its delicate but to its almost invisible end; a hair and silk line, laid together, (a silk or flax, alone, will, when wet, cling too close to your rod,) also tapering from the end, which is fastened on the reel, to its extremity, where the gut line is attached. A gut line, or leader, of 6 or 7 feet long, made so that the stoutest strand is next below the main line, and the thinnest is joined to the gut snell, to which the hook or fly is made fast; or, in short, let your delicate gear taper, from the butt of your light rod to the very extremity of your line. Without going into a detail of other "fixings," I will say, these are necessary to make a good cast; and as for the pleasure in their use, the sensations which an active fish imparts, at the end of such gear as this, you must agree with me, are more stirring than those experienced in the use of heavy tackle, floats, sinkers, &c, where a single jerk, I have seen such things, slaps your fish straight in the boat, as boys do flounders on the wharves.

By way of corollary, to this episode, I will tell you, that on one warm April day, and not a long time ago, the lineal descendant of the quondam lords of the land, and myself, went down the creek, at Liffs, to try our luck. The water was in a good state, and as the day was propitious, for flying clouds intervened their shadows between the bright sun and the fretted surface of the clear brook. I anticipated a white day. As we approached the hole, which fancy had selected for my triumphs—Lo! and behold! a boat, with three fishermen, already occupied it. When passing, I saw their painted floats dancing merrily in the breeze. One of the gentlemen hailed, and said it was no use, the fish would not bite, and they were about to up stakes and try the pond. They suited the action to the word, and the old Indian fixed my boat in the very spot they retired from. We kept ourselves quiet for about ten minutes, and then made a cast; I had not drawn my line but a few feet through the water before a fish struck. It took me at least ten or twelve minutes to land him, and he weighed 2¼ lbs. In less than an hour I had 14 fish, and not one less than a pound. So much for a proper fit out.

Now for the Major—some nicely broiled trout, a good cup of tea, fresh bread and butter, and the Major and myself were, as the man in the play says, comfortable. The evening was pleasantly passed in fish talk, in the course of which the Major exhibited to me the flies with which, during the last few days, he had been most successful; a piece of information I wished, without caring to ask the direct question. About nine, we both sought the arms of Morpheus.

The next morning at peep of dawn, I seated myself wrapped in my wadded gown, in the little balcony, that leads off the adjoining hall and overlooks the pond. A pleasing sensation is it, to my notion, Mr. Editor, to scent the tainted air of a sweet May morn, and to watch the progress of reviving Nature. Wreaths of mist hang on the glossy surface of the pond, here a dark curtain—there a thin drapery. No tokens were yet extant of animated life. The noisy crow, however, soon saluted the opening day, with his clamorous caw-caw. The restless robin was next seen, poking his inquisitive eyes here and there and everywhere in search of his breakfast. The busy wren was then heard, warbling *his* harmonious salutations. Soon the staid blackbird, with his grave *chink-chink*, and the *fooly* swallow, with his joyous twitter, confessed their pleasure, in the young eyed day. By and by the rising sun looked with a lurid eye through the morning mist, and festoon after festoon melted away before a gentle south-east breeze. Its balmy breath awoke the sleeping waters, and other signs of animation began to appear. A break here and a break there aroused the dormant spirit of the fisherman. The cheerful voice of the Major, with something about boiled trout and green tea, did not lull those feelings; so throwing other thoughts to the rising breeze, I hastened in, and prepared for business. As the wind had riss (see Ben Jonson) with the sun, and the mist, instead of sinking on the waters, had floated away on the breath of the breeze, I felt persuaded we should have a windy day, and probably before night fall, a storm. In the expectation then of being obliged to cast to windward, I affixed a small shot to the head of my lowermost fly, so as to form a good substitute for that necessary member (this little fixture, I suppose you know, is a mighty assistant in making a cast in the wind's eye). The snell to which this headed fly was attached, was about two feet long, and in the loop, where it was joined to the end of the leader, I slipped another snell, of about 9 or 10 inches long, with a second fly.

This I have always found to be a killing rig; the upper fly skims lightly over the surface, while the lower one is a foot or so beneath it; and it is with the latter I have generally been most successful. Having one of Edmonson's best single-handed rods, and a reel and line to match, I was all right. The Major joined me, as the smoking breakfast made its appearance, for which, let me say—en passant—the early air of a Long Island trout-pond is a better whet—mind I don't say wet—than any anti-fogmatic, in the pharmacopæia of our go-ahead young ones. Breakfast over, we gathered up our duds, and started. The wind now blew smartly from the south-east, and we fixed upon the southern branch as the scene of our operations. We did not feel, however, the full force of the breeze, until we had rounded the wood-crowned promontory which juts out into the pond, and divides the little nook, in front of the house, from the mouth of the southern branch. Here it was a breeze, and caused some labor to pull against, so we made fast our boat to a stump, about 8 or 10 rods up the branch, and a little to leeward of as good a hole as there is in the pond. The Major, you know, is an eager fisherman, and now that the number of trout a party is permitted to take is limited, he likes to catch the Lion's share. This regulation did not exist at the time I speak of; but that Cæsar feeling was in full force within him. It must be said, that I too was not without a small touch of Pompey; in fact, we were from former "sweet contentions" in that relation to each other, the Poet tells us these worthy gentlemen stood, viz.:

"——nec quenquam jam ferre potest,
Cæsarve priorem—Pompeiusve pareni."

To it then we went. As anticipated, we had to cast against a strong breeze. Under the pretext of arranging my tackle, I waited for the Major to make the first cast; his fly fell in a curl, the bight of the line and fly coming down in a bunch on the water; he gave another vehement sweep with his rod, but did not mend the matter much. I made a light cast to get out sufficient line, and to feel my way a little, and then threw full 15 feet beyond him, my flies out straight as loon's legs, first one then the other alighting on the fretted surface. There was no rise. In sweeping round for a second cast, a break met my eye full 30 feet off, and pointing the end of my rod straight for the spot, my fly fell within a foot, and the wind blew it right in the monarch's mouth. As he darted away with it, a second fish, lured by the rapid motion of his mimic prey through his own element, made a dash at the upper fly. I had a pair of trout on, and before they were in the boat, they called in use all the patience and art I could boast of. The Major looked hard, but said nothing. The wind and his tackle were against him; he made no fist in casting against the breeze, and after a good deal of perseverance, he gave it up, unrigged his fly gear, and fished with ground bait. It was a virtual acknowledgment to the superior skill (between you and I, to the better "fixings") of Pompey.

I have no recollection of a more successful day among the trout. At two o'clock, when we went in to dinner, we had 60 fish, weighing over 50lbs., and the majority taken with the fly. In the afternoon the clouds, which had been thickening all the morning, assumed a lowering appearance, and gave decided tokens of a change in the weather. The south-east wind had backed into the east, and was gradually hauling to the northward. The moaning blast, too, began to speak in a tone not to be mistaken, that a north-east storm was gathering. I meant to have passed some days with the Major; but circumstances will derange our best laid plans—the wise man will accommodate himself to them. And I had the old mare harnessed, made all right with the Major, and was off bock again. Although 50 miles from my house in Brooklyn, I knew the old one was good for that drag in four hours, and calculated she would put me to hum before the brunt of the storm would come off. I was not mistaken. On the next day, some half dozen Sportsmen—jolly old cocks—discussed with me the trout, dressed in various ways, and while the bellowing storm did loudly roar without, the obsequious corks did nimbly pop within. After dinner, we lingered over a bottle or so of old Bingham, and in spite of the go, gave the go-by to poor Dom's thin Chateaux. In the evening we had our scientific game of whist, and by *early* cock crow, each was snug in his bunk, those having to wind their devious way to their homes being well soaked, without and within.

Thus ends the small touch on trout-fishing, in by-gone days. Now for the events in a days' shooting on snipe, with a friend, and poor Bray can never come to the scratch again.

You must not suppose that I have any recollections to impart about teter—snipe—yellow legs—dovechies—and id omne genus, which congregate about that mosquito hole, Rayner south. Mine refer to the Scollopax Gallinago, which the vulgar has, the English Snipe.

In order, too, that we may go along understandingly together, you ought to have some sort of notion of my companion. I am no great shakes with the crayon, yet I must try to mark the shadow of the man, and should I succeed, you will agree with me that I could not have had a more straight-forward associate, a more agreeable companion, or a better fellow. Without touching a flounce here and a furbelow there, in the manner of a skilful artist, I can only delineate his more prominent parts. My friend then was a goodly personage, and stood five feet ten inches, in his boots; I am sure of the five feet, but for his ten inches, I cannot be expected to answer so sartain; he was not one of your lean and hungry looking fellows, like Cassius was; but a sleek headed man, and one that sleeps o' nights. He had other gifts, too, besides comely looks, for he had made no little noise in the world—I don't mean by the crack of his gun, but by the crack of his tongue. Fame had had his name in her horn, and blown it smack against the walls of more than one goodly city. If he could not claim the name of an astronomer, he could that about which astronomers teach—viz.: a star—aye, and a bright one too—in his vocation, the Julian star—Micat inter omnes Julium sidus. To avoid the awkwardness of saying Mr. in telling a tale, I must give my companion a name. The Baron is a good one; but lest any of my numerous friends, who take me by the hand in Broadway, should suppose I had one of them in my mind's eye, it will be better to add a surname. I can think of none better just now, and particularly when I consider the aforesaid noise, &c., than Racket. And now you have, or the deuce is in it, some sort of notion of my friend and associate in the days' shooting on English Snipe, in the nom de guerre of the Baron Racket.

A dull and tedious winter had dragged its slow length along—St. Patrick's day in the morning had come and gone—the noisy frogs, with lusty throats, were now telling their story, whatever it may have been. Their carols to others might have had a touch of the croak. To me, they were melodious, as harbingers of birds, and of the long wished for arrival of the season, when one could brush off the rust of idleness. Having made the necessary arrangements, the Baron and myself, after an early breakfast, were off for Train's meadows, a little to the east of Newtown. We were stowed in my one horse wagon, our percussions by our sides. My pointer dog, old Plute (peace be to his manes! for a better one never quartered a field), and the Baron's big yellow and white setter Tip (if his shade be quiet, it is more than the substance ever was, for a more go-ahead brute never ran a buck), under the seat. An half-hour sufficed to place us at the tavern in Newtown. Before proceeding to Train's meadows we agreed to try a piece of ground of some 10 or 12 acres, a little to the southward, but within a few minutes walk of the tavern. I knew this ground—the Baron did not—thereby hangs the tale. Had he known it, he never would have consented to explore its deep recesses, in the rig he soon made his appearance in. We doffed our every day gear, and mounted our shooting duds. Mine were of the common kind, a strong fustian jacket and trowsers only, my water-proofs had india-rubber cloth leggins, coming well up on the thigh, with a strap there, which fastened to the suspender button. The Baron's turn out was not in so good keeping. He had encased his outer man in an ancient swallow-tail cloth coat, the nethermost ends of which were let down behind, and a pair of cloth pantaloons; contemporaries of the coat, a leetle of the shortest, only reaching to the tops of his Wellingtons, and kept in their place by long straps underneath—both were tight fits, and either the Baron had grown or the fixings had shrunk—one or t'other. I could not help roaring straight out, when he showed, and asking him his notion for shooting snipe in such furniture?

"Ringlet," was his reply, "I am no friend of Fustian, but like an airy light material, in fact," said he, pointing to his swallow-tail, "in this particular, I am a biassed man." I thought the chance was good, before the day was past, that his prejudices would be done away with, and that he would come out of the swamp an unbiassed one. When ready, we lost 10 minutes in whistling and hallooing for Tip. The brute, at length made his appearance, in a severe brush down the street, with half a dozen quakers, who, ever and anon, were applying persuaders to him, in the shape of brick bats. It was pull Dick, pull Devil. Tip had the foot, but the quakers were good ones. Tip had been in at the death of a turkey-cock, after a hard run, and Tip's master had to shell out to the bottomed ones, which he swore he would take out of Tip's hide—when he caught him.

This small circumstance over we proceeded on our way, and a few minute's walk brought us where we wanted to be. A brook after passing under a bridge on the road, comes into a meadow, and branches off immediately; one inclining to the right and the other to the left. These branches increase their distance from each other, in their course, and the interval between them is the snipe ground. The branch to the right, runs clear and limpid, and the meadow on its borders, is tolerably firm and stable. The left hand branch runs close to the upland, but is lost for a considerable distance in a deep, and in many places impassable, quagmire, and (as is often seen in such ground) this morass was of more or less expanse, and interspersed with scattering trees, bush-briars, stubbed thickets, and quaking tufts of earth. These latter, afforded an uncertain footing, and were sometimes within a step of each other, sometimes requiring a strong effort to reach, and sometimes after planting your ticklish feet on one, making necessary a stronger effort to get back. The wind was in our faces when we turned off the road, and we hunted the ground bordering on the right hand branch, where there were occasional patches of cat-tails; meaning to turn, after having gone some distance, and hunt up the other side (where most of the birds lay) with the wind. We bagged some three or four birds, at long shots, in our walk against the wind, and would have had good shooting, had it not been for that infernal Tip, whose tail was seen, now and then, over the cat-tails, straight as the brush of a fox, and going it to kill. Most of the birds he flushed, and these after a short flight against the wind, would turn, and settle to the left, in the ticklish ground above spoken of. Several had been marked in the worst of this, where the bog was the deepest, the briars the most stubborn, and the bunches of bushes the most truncated. When we turned the Baron separated from me with Tip, to hunt this ground before doing so, I recommended him to turn up the flaps of his swallow-tail, and button it—he tried to do so, but it was no go, the coat was a leetle too tight.

I inclined by degrees to the right, after turning, where I knew the ground to be comeatable, and had for half an hour or so fair shooting. The birds would lay close, and when they rose would turn and make their flight against the wind, and thus afford one a steady cross shot. By this time I had reached the road near by, where we had come on the meadow, and I determined to follow it round over the upland, and opposite to the spot where I supposed the Baron was. I had heard him *hollering* for the last five minutes; but before I answered I wanted to see what kind of fix he was in. There was a knoll covered with thick cedar bushes, and other evergreens, affording a good cover immediately opposite to where the voice of the Baron came from: this I gained and was within twenty feet of him, but completely out of his sight.

The Baron was in full view, and standing on one of the little shaking tufts of earth. About six feet behind him a stubbed sapling, three or four feet high was adorned with the whole seat of his trousers—a briar bush a little way off had one skirt of his swallow-tail, and the other was flapping in the breeze on a twig of one of the stunted thickets. In lieu of his swallow-tail and trousers he was covered with black thick mud, some way above his "fork," and thick splashes were even scattered over his comely phiz. It appeared he had tried by a desperate leap, to plant himself where he then was, in the hope of getting to the upland; but in the act of jumping, the sapling cotched his behind, that necessary part of the garment staid, and the Baron went ahead. Owing to the check, he came plump in the mud, and had had a tight scratch to get where he was. Tip was no where, and I was in hopes the quagmire had choked him.

The Baron was alternately soliloquising and raising his sweet voice for "Ringlet."—"Half a trousers and one boot—how am I to get back through the town to the tavern?—Hollo! Ringlet! where the devil are you?—a pretty fix I am in!—no flaps to my coat, and no seat to my trousers!—D——n such shooting—Hallo! hallo-o-o!—Whew—w—. How am I to get out of this blasted hole?—D——n that fellow, he must have known it—I saw him sniggering!

Where can the fellow be!—Hallo! hallo!—I can't get back, and as to going ahead, 'tis impossible.

I was in the act of showing myself, when a countryman, with a bean-pole on his shoulder, made his appearance.—"I say, neighber," addressing himself to the Baron, "if you don't want to be smashod, keep clear of them there vater cresses. Such fellows as you be had better be vurking than valking over folks' ground with a shooting-stick. You look like a pretty one, stuck up there with no —— to your trousers." "Who the devil are you?" said the Baron, "an ass-izer, or an ass-essor, that measure one's ass-ets so pertly? Help me out of this mud-hole, and I'll pay you for your trouble." "Pay me! what would you take to stand up in my field there for a scarecrow?—Vittles and drink? I would not like to make the trade. Pay me! I pity your ass-ignees. As you got in, so you may get out. Only, if you come among them there vater cresses I'll warm your hide for you."

I thought it was time to show myself. "Ringlet," said the Baron, when he saw me, "if you'll just lick that fellow for me I'll forgive you all." "What's the matter, Baron?—you seem to be in a bad fix." "Fix!—d——n it! I'm in no fix at all, except in being fixed in this blasted mud-hole." "Why didn't you holler, Baron? "Come, come, Ringlet, none of your quips and quirks, but lend a hand to get me out of this scrape." I made a bargain with the countryman, and we dragged down a half dozen or so of rails from his fence, one of them we threw transversely five or six feet on the marsh, and then laid a couple at right angles, the further ends of the last rested on the centre of the cross rails, and the nether ends on the upland; by repeating the operation at the cross rail, a kind of bridge was built to the Baron, and he was released from his unpleasant situation. When he landed I did not dare to smile, as the Baron was momentarily riled. Had I not sent the countryman off to hunt up Tip, the Baron would certainly have whaled him. We moved round to the bridge, where the water was clear, and there the Baron was washed off, and after many contrivances, a silk handkerchief was tied round his waist, in a shawl shape, the loose ends of which hung down over his "stern." I walked close in his rear to cover all, and thus, without further mishaps, he reached the tavern.

After the Baron had changed, it was some time before I could persuade him to go on to Train's meadows. There was a country store opposite to the tavern, where a little of everything could be found, and the Baron consented at length, provided he could obtain another fit out, to go on; everything necessary was found. Tip, who had been brought back to the tavern, was tied up to the barn, and the Baron's success on Train's meadows amply compensated for the ill-luck of the morning. We reached home at Brooklyn to a late dinner; that done, with a segar, and over a pretty fair bottle, we laughed at the adventures of the mud-hole.

You must pardon, Mr. Editor, the familiar tone assumed in this our long drag. It behoves me to say, you do not know me from Dick the devil. I have presumed on the many feelings we have in common, and among others, in our mutual love to Liff.—Jesse—the Major—and Smoking Sam. Now we part, for Donkey is not only blown, but so completely let down, that he can never show on any track again, and in the words of the poet, not the immortal one, but only Tom Moore—I bid you adieu. For—

"Whether there is magic or not in my motley strain—
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
My spirit can't come to thy *Spirit* again."

Brooklyn, 8th Feb., 1840. CALEB RINGLET.

SPORTING IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

There is a section of the United States that, whether we view it with the eye of an artist, an agriculturist, or a sportsman, seems to me to merit more attention than it has hitherto received. I refer to the long range of mountainous country extending from the State of Pennsylvania, through Virginia, to Carolinia, and Georgia. The salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the vallies, and the variety and abundance of the fish and game, mark it out as a section of the earth more desirable as a residence than almost any other with which I am acquainted. It has been my fortune to visit various points in this mountain range, and as I have been extravagantly devoted to field sports, I may perhaps enlighten some of your readers sufficiently on this subject to induce them to make an excursion of six weeks during the following summer to some point of this interesting region. Let none try it who cannot eat corn bread and rusty bacon, sleep, wrapped in a cloak, on the soft side of a plank, wade waist-deep in water at 55° for hours, and shoot a rifle to kill. The man who fears wetting his feet, requires a rest for his rifle, must drink *a la* Delmonico, or craves a soft couch, had better stay at home. Some of the best points in this country are in the Counties of Ashe, Wilkes, Yanry, Rutherford, Buncombe, Hayward, and Macon, in North Carolina In Ashe, the Kanawha and Holston head; in Wilkes, the Peedee; in Yancy, the Nolechucky; in Buncombe, the French-broad; in Burke, the Catawba; in Rutherford, the Broad; in Hayward and Macon, Pigeon Creek and the Tuckaluchee. Better watered than any country I have ever seen, with extensive beds of the best iron, almost unlimited water power, and magnificent forests; nothing is wanted but enterprise to make this one of the finest countries in the world. And now, comparatively uninhabited as it is, it affords to the sportsman game of all kinds: deer, bear, wolves, turkeys, pheasants, partridge, and trout, may be found in the greatest abundance; but it is of the trout which I now intend to speak. The streams are so pure and cold, and the elevation so great, that the fish attain a degree of perfection I have never met with elsewhere. Those of only six or eight ounces are as red fleshed as salmon, and higher flavored than even those of our Eastern coast.

About four years since I spent some time in Yancy, and as we went prepared for sport, and my trout fishing skill was much greater than that of my companions, this department of our sport was allotted to me; and I believe no one had any reason to complain of a scarcity of fish. Whether I used the fly, the minnow, or the worm, seemed to make no difference. The scene of operations was the Toe river, the farthest extremity of the Nolechucky. The trout here are not large, not generally exceeding a pound weight, but most abundant and delicious. I could easily take ten or twelve dozen in six or eight hours. In the new river and Wattauga, the heads of the Kanawha and Holston, the trout are much larger. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the banks of these rivers; the variety of the trees and the flowery shrubs is astonishing; buckeyes, magnolia, rhododendrons, and azalias, shed their flowers upon the waters, and fill the air with fragrance. Often, in the narrow ravines which have a small stream at the bottom, the atmosphere is so loaded with the perfume of the azalia glauca, that it is almost overpowering. A finer grass country than the high vallies of these mountains does not, I believe, exist. Wherever the land is cleared from trees, the white clover and the fine grasses form the closest and firmest sod I have ever seen; and the milk, beef, and mutton are delicious. The elevation, three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea, renders the summer too cool for Indian corn and wheat; but rye, oats, and potatoes grow in the greatest perfection. It seems to be the native country of the apple, as the orchards of wild crab are hundreds of acres in extent; and the trees attain a size I have never seen elsewhere, being frequently from twenty to thirty inches in diameter; and their fruit is considered very valuable for making brandy. While my companions were driving deer into the stream, I pursued my piscatory walk from one shooting stand to another, occasionally stopping to make a deposite when overloaded with fish. The exquisite beauty of the day,

"So cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky:"

the singing of innumerable birds—the soothing rush of the beautiful stream—the occasional cry of the hounds from the mountain side—the beauty and fragrance of the mountain scenery, left nothing to be wished for; and I wandered on in that sort of quiet, dreamy enjoyment, which is often imagined, but so seldom found in reality. These meditations were soon broken, for the hounds were rapidly drawing near, and the crashing of the bushes on the hill above me, told me that the deer was making for the water. Directly the sharp crack of a rifle and quick discharge of a double-barrel, at a stand some distance below, caught my ear, and a loud shout announced that their contents had taken effect. Hastening down the road, I found the Colonel waist deep in the water, hauling on shore a noble buck, which, in spite of a rifle ball and two loads of buckshot, had required free use of the hunting-knife before he knocked under. The horn was now blown as a signal to the standers, and some of the nearest soon came in; the deer was skinned, cut up, and the quarters enclosed in the hide, and slung on a pole for convenience of carriage.

Some of the trout were strung, as my creel could not hold one half of the produce of my day's sport, and we set out merrily for our night's quarters, at about two miles distance. Soon after our arrival, the operations of broiling, boiling, and frying, were in the full tide of successful experiment, and a supper, such as not only a sportsman, but an epicure, might relish, was the result. After washing it down with a little something better than common, the fiddle was brought, and the slab floor shook with the vigorous exertions of the mountain girls, who "lap and flang" with as much spirit as "Nanny in her cutty sark."

When the candles waxed low, the floor was deserted; the women occupied the beds, and the sportsmen the floor, mountain fashion. Nay, start not, reader, what would you advise, there was but one room in the cabin, and the night air of the mountains is almost too cool for a "bivouac sub dio." After our sport, the next day, we were gathered around the fire in the evening, when the door opened, and there entered a figure I shall never forget. It was that of an old grey-headed Indian, evidently of the pure unadulterated race. The tall but thin figure at first struck you as rather slight, but when you looked at the naked arms which seemed like bundles of ropes, and the steady elasticity with which he glided over the ground, you soon perceived that he was fitted, if not for the greatest exertion of strength, for an almost incredible degree of agility and endurance; while his gleaming eye, between that of the snake and the eagle, shewed that the wily ferocity of his race was not wholly extinguished by his association with the pale faces.

The entrance of "Old Skaus" was warmly greeted by those who knew him, but of these salutations he took little notice, nothing but a sort of acquiescent grunt indicated that they had been heard. Having carefully deposited his long rifle and hunting belt in a corner, he seated himself on a log and uttered not a sound, until after a huge meal, and moderate sup of whiskey, at the request of the Colonel, he told me an adventure he had with a panther, in the range of hills which divide Yancy and Ashe Counties.

This tract is some of the highest land in all Carolina, and being rough and heavily wooded, is the favorite resort of bears, panthers, and wolves. As his story was told in very broken English, I had better relate it in my own words. He had followed up a deep ravine, when he heard a slight rustling in the leaves, and, on looking closely, perceived two panther cubs of about three weeks' old. Wishing to secure them alive, as he could get a high price for them, and knowing his track would be followed by the mother as soon as she returned, he caught them up and endeavored to reach the brook at the foot of the ravine, that by wading down it, he might, if pursued, throw the animal off the scent. He had not gone more than four or five hundred yards, when a sharp yell told him the theft was discovered, and that he must provide, instantly, for his own safety. Dashing the cubs against a tree, that they might not escape, he drew his hunting knife, and holding it in his left hand, cocked his rifle, and put it to his shoulder. He was barely in time, for, directly after, the furious beast leaped on a log, about thirty feet from him, and without an instant's pause, threw herself at him with a tremendous bound. At this moment he fired, and although the ball took mortal effect, it could not stop the impetus of the animal. Springing directly on the point of the knife, which was buried to the haft in her body, her head struck him full in the face, hurling him to the ground without sense or motion. How long he lay there he could not tell, but it was near evening when he came to himself, bruised and lame, and severely torn by the talons of the dying panther. V.

CURLING MATCH.

We last week gave the result of the Annual Curling Match between the Scarboro' and Toronto Curling Club, which was played on the 15th January. We copy the annexed match, of February 5th, from the "British Colonist."

Another match between the Scarboro' and Toronto Clubs, being the second this winter, was played on Toronto Bay, on the 5th inst.—24 players aside, on three rinks, one stone each. The game was for 93 shots, or for the greatest number at half-past four o'clock. At the time limited, Scarboro' counted the full number, Toronto being 40 shots behind.

	On Rink No. 1.	Rink No. 2.	Rink No. 3.
Scarboro' stood	31	38	24
Toronto	23	12	18
Scarboro' winning	8	26	6

The day was too mild to have keen ice; and the rinks being kept according to previous agreement, the full length of 42 yards from tee to tee, the weak players of Toronto were frequently "hogs," while the giants of Scarboro' came roaring up to the "brough." At one head on rink No. 2, every Scarboro' stone counted; and at another only one stone out of the sixteen came over the "hog score;" so that in some measure the contest was a trial of physical strength as well as of science.

As many of the Scarboro' players, even considering the state of the ice, acquitted themselves in a manner which entitles them to immortality, it is now conferred upon them by recording their names, and the order of playing; not, however, without a feeling of regret, that in doing equal justice, the names of the unsuccessful Toronto players must also go down to posterity:—

RINK, No. 1.

Scarboro'.		*Toronto.*
1. Wm. Purdie	1	John Ewart, jun.
2. Thomas Wilson	2	Thomas Ewart.
3. John Stobo	3	J. Walker.
4. John Muir	4	J. Dick,
5. James Cleland	5	R. M'Clure,
6. Wm. Findlay	6	John Leys,
7. James Cowan	7	G. P. Dickson,
8. Robert Scott	8	James Bicket.

Rink No. 2.

1. James Weir	1	John Watson,
2. Wm. Clarke, jun.	2	R. Greighton,
3. Wm. Clarke, sen.	3	John Lawrence,
4. David Brown	4	S. B. Campbell,
5. John Gibson	5	Geo. Denholm,
6. James Gibson, jun.	6	Wm. Creighton,
7. John Tacket	7	Angus Morrison,
8. James Gibson, sen.	8	John Struthers.

Rink No. 3.

1. Robt. Reid	1	A. Badenach,
2. Thom Brown	2	J. Thompson,
3. James Findlay	3	J. Bell.
4. John Laurie	4	J. M'Murrich,
5. Arch. Glendinning	5	Wm. Ross,
6. Andrew Fleming	6	Thos. Dick,
7. Abraham Torrance	7	W. Thompson,
8. John Torrance	8	J. M. Murchieson.

The Toronto Club ought before another winter to form artificial rinks, and by thus rendering themselves to a certain extent independent of the weather, or of the fluctuations of the Lake, they would be sure in any future contest with their neighbors, of at least having 'just-ice.'

Besides the match, several promiscuous games were played, the Toronto Club having prepared ice, and supplied additional stones and brooms for this purpose; and from the abundance of supernumerary players on this occasion, it is intended that the meeting next winter shall be with thirty-two or forty players a side.

His Excellency the Governor General was on the ice, and appeared to take much interest in the progress of the match, entering into conversation with the players regarding the game. His Excellency Sir George Arthur and suite, were also present during part of the day.

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL CURLING CLUBS.

The friendly Bonspeil of the Quebec and Montreal Curling Clubs, proposed for Wednesday, the 30th, was, from the state of the weather, postponed at both places till Thursday. The players at Quebec, were Messrs. Arnoldi, Dyde, Murray, and Young, of this city, and Hamilton, Anderson, A. Burns, and M'Gill, of Quebec. Those at the match in this city, were Messrs. Denholm, J. Burns, Gordon, and Gillespie, of Quebec, and Breckanridge, Mathieson, Paterson, and Campbell, of Montreal. The following is the result; and it will be seen that the Montreal Club are the winners of the joint game:

AT MONTREAL.

Quebec		12
Montreal		31
		—19

AT QUEBEC.

Montreal		19
Quebec		31
		—12
In favor of Montreal		7

The clubs at Quebec and Montreal entertained their guests from the sister cities respectively, at dinner on Wednesday. Montreal Gazette.

DANGER ATTENDING WOUNDS IN HORSES' FEET.

Mr. Editor,—The value of the horse being a matter of great consideration, and his life next to that of the human race, it is a matter of regret that owners generally of that noble animal do not endeavor to become more acquainted with his structure, and with the various diseases to which he is liable. By possessing such a knowledge, they would, more or less, be enabled to judge, when the animal is sick or lame, what course of treatment he should undergo; and also to judge of the abilities of those whom they might call in to attend their animals. There is scarcely a man, let his trade or calling be what it may, but aspires to a knowledge of the horse and his diseases; but this should not be; for frequently it leads to unadvisable experiments, by which many horses lose their lives.

At this season of the year the horse is liable to lameness, arising from nails, and other things, that are among the filth in the streets; by improper treatment, the horse not unusually continues lame for a long time, and often dies. If a horse falls suddenly lame, his shoe should be taken off as soon as possible, and the wound carefully examined; if the hurt be found in the back part of the foot, or penetrating deeply the fleshy frog, no very great degree of lameness need be apprehended, for that part of the foot undergoes little motion; neither are there any tendons or bones in danger. A wound anywhere about the toe may not produce much lameness, for the internal covering of the coffin-bone will soon heal, if properly treated; on the contrary, if too much horn be removed, the flesh will protrude, proving very troublesome, or dirt may get in the orifice and by irritation produce inflammation, when a separation of the horny sole from the fleshy one takes place, and thus a protracted lameness ensues. But this is not the worst of these punctures; for, if on examining the foot, it is found that a nail has entered about the middle of the sole, and near the frog, the flexor tendon may be wounded where it is inserted into the coffin-bone (bone of the foot), or where it passes over the navicular bone (a small bone lying under the short pastern, and behind the coffin-bone, forming a roller for the tendon to play upon), or it may have entered the joint itself; in such cases a wound is attended with great danger, and by improper treatment the horse is often destroyed. It requires all the anatomical skill of a veterinary surgeon to ascertain the extent of injury done when examining the smallest wounds in those dangerous parts; and if not skilfully treated, a fever will probably ensue, which will cause his death, the inflammation in such cases being intense; for of all the tortures that can be inflicted upon the poor animal, none can equal that which accompanies inflammation of the membrane lining the joints.

Many horses wound themselves by treading on one foot with the sharp caulking of the shoe on the other. Such wounds are often attended with danger, and should be carefully treated. But of this I will speak more fully at some future time. Yours, &c. WM. BANHAM, V. S.,
28 Third Avenue, N. Y.

RAYMOND (Miss.) RACES

Commenced on the 13th January. The track is said to be *sixty feet* over a mile. An unknown correspondent has been so courteous as to send the report annexed:—

MONDAY, Jan. 13, 1840—Jockey Club Purse $240, ent. $20, added; for 2 yr. olds. Mile heats.

Thos. M. Anderson's ch. f. *Minerva Proffit*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sophia Bess	1	
John H. Walker's ch. c. *Pike*, by Pacific, dam by Imp. Stump the Dealer	2	2

Time, 2:00—1:59.

Minerva won both heats by nearly a distance, hard in hand. She is very large, and the prettiest thing we ever saw. She carried 9 lbs. over weight.

TUESDAY, Jan. 14—Purse $200, ent. $20, added; free for all ages, 3 yrs. 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. One mile.

S. T. Day's ch. g. by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	1
W. F. Dillon's ch. f. by Waxy, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs	2
A. McGahey's b. m. by Bertrand, 5 yrs	3
J. H. Walker's b. c. *Euclid*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	4

Time, 1:57.

It is due to Mr. Dillon's filly to say, that she lost a distance in the start, but was only beaten by half a neck. There were two other entries in this race, which I do not recollect.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 15—Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $30, added; conditions as before; two mile heats.

Long & Smith's b. f. *Cleopatra*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, - yrs	1	1
W. Strawther's ch. h. *Leesburg*, by Red Rover, dam by Tuckahoe, 6 yrs	2	dist.

Time, 4:10—4:11.

The filly won both heats, hard in hand all the time, her competitor not being able to get to her.

THURSDAY, Jan. 16—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $40, added; conditions as before; Three mile heats.

Long & Smith's br. f. *Red Rose*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Bagdad, - yrs	1	
W. Strawther's ch. g. *Yazoo Trapper*, by Sir William, aged	dr.	

FRIDAY, Jan. 17—Jockey Club Purse $250, ent. $18, added; conditions as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. H. Walker's b. c. *Euclid*, pedigree above, 2 yrs	1	1	1
Mr. ——'s c., 3 yrs	2	2	2
Mr. ——'s *Red Bone*, by Imp. Leviathan	3	3	dist.

Time, 2:00—1:59—2:01.

Euclid was the winner, though the colt kept him to his work all the time. The time made was very fair, considering the state of the track, which was up to the pasterns in mud all the week.

There were many mile races run on each day, some of which created a great deal of fun. *Band Box* was the favorite for the best 3 in 5; and in making a brush on Thursday, she ran off with her rider, and jumping into a ditch, broke her neck. *Sir Elliott* was here, but was looking forward to bigger things.

Notwithstanding the hard times, the money was hung up each day. There is a new track at Brandon—there will be a meeting in March. Also one at Jackson; there will be a week between the meetings. They will have good purses at Jackson. M.

The Deer at the Falls.—We learn from a correspondent at the Falls, that the deer which attracted so much attention the other day by his voyage down the river on a cake of ice, was on Saturday driven from his place of refuge, and forced to take the tremendous leap. He was frightened from the island, on which he had remained so quietly for the last week, by some persons coming on the ice that had lodged on the head of the Island, and between that and Goat Island. Seeing these unwelcome guests invading his quiet abode, he retreated to the farther side of the island and leaped into the rapids. After swimming about twenty rods toward the Canada shore, he tacked about and swam directly for the precipice. He was instantly dashed down the perpendicular height of one hundred and sixty feet, yet came up to the surface of the water alive. He made several attempts to swim, but in vain. Overcome by the plunge, and chilled by the coldness of the water, he finally submitted to the mercy of the current. He is still to be seen floating in an eddy at the foot of Goat Island. Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, Feb. 3.

A stump orator out West wishing to describe his opponent as a *soulless* man, did it in this wise: "I have heard," says he, "some persons hold to the opinion that just at the precise instant after one human being dies, another is born; and that the soul of the deceased enters and animates the new-born babe. Now I have made particular and extensive enquiries concerning my opponent *thar*, and I find that for some hours previous to his nativity, *nobody died!* Fellow ctizens, you may draw the inference."

A gentleman on circuit, narrating to Lord Norbury some extravagant feats in the sporting way, mentioned among other achievements, that he had lately shot 33 hares before breakfast. "Thirty three hares?" exclaimed his Lordship, "zounds, sir, then you must have been firing at a *wig*."

An Irishman, on passing through a field of corn the other day, said to a friend, "Whenever you see a herd of cows all lying down, and *one* of them standing up, that one is sure to be a *bull*."

THE THREE WIDOWS OF FRANKFORT.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Many years ago, whilst travelling on the continent, I was attacked by a slow fever, which, after clinging to me for some time, and baffling all my efforts to shake it off, fairly got the better of me, and laid me on a bed of sickness at Frankfort-on-the Maine. The inn at which I put up was clean and orderly; but an inn, in its best estate, is a desolate and uncomfortable halting-place for an invalid, and as soon as I was sufficiently recovered for the exertion, I applied myself to find private lodgings, as my medical attendant declared that it would be still some weeks before I could safely travel.

The apartments I engaged were in the house of a tobacconist named Openheim, who kept a small shop in the town, and had his private dwelling in a narrow street, near the outskirts. I was so pleased with the neatness of the dwelling and the quietness of the situation, that I unhesitatingly engaged the rooms for the whole term of my intended stay.

The family with whom I sojourned consisted of a father, mother, and three daughters,—the oldest of whom, named Gertrude, was twenty-five years of age; the next, Amelia, twenty; and the youngest, a little girl of twelve or thirteen, called Roschen: she resided, principally, with a distant relative, who kept a sort of school at some distance, and, at the time of my arrival, was absent. The two elder sisters were smart, merry, dressy young women, not remarkable for beauty, but still sufficiently pretty to be belles on a small scale, and flirts on a large one, whenever they found opportunity. This latter quality, indeed, had deprived Gertrude of no less than seven lovers,—six of whom being neglected, in succession, for each other, were finally revenged by the seventh, who neglected *her*. But, at the time my story commences, Gertrude was in possession of an eighth, and he no less a person than a banker, from Cologne,—twenty years older than herself, it is true, and not particularly handsome, but supposed to be possessed of no inconsiderable share of that unfailing beautifier—gold. Perhaps Gertrude might not have found Herr Steinbach quite so charming as she upheld him to be, had he been unprovided with that marvellous cosmetic. But she was poor; and his choice was a disinterested one, at least, which was enough, in itself, to win him some share of favor.

The Openheims were possessed of very limited means, but they seemed, on the whole, a happy family. They were forced to let their first floor, indeed, and the daughters took in fine needle-work, but they sang their old German songs over their tasks, with such cheerful, happy voices, that it did one's heart good to listen to them.

German manners are simpler and less formal than ours, and almost without effort either on their part or my own, I became domesticated with them as part of the family. My sitting-room, commanding a view of the street, was, for far the greater part of the day, untenanted. Their's on the ground floor, at the back of the house, overlooking a pleasant, old-fashioned garden, was infinitely more agreeable, especially when those two merry maidens were its inmates. There they laughed at my bad German, and corrected my pronunciation, and sung ballads for my amusement with all the good-humor and simplicity imaginable. Then, they had a pet-bulfinch, which was mightily taken with my whistling of the Irish melodies, which he would sometimes echo with a truth that was really surprising: and if it was evening, and we looked into the garden, ten to one there sate old Carl Openheim in the arbour, with his pipe in his mouth, and by his side, filling up the rest of the narrow bench, might be seen his wife, the roundest, neatest little housewife that ever existed, in her small, close cap, and her knitting in her hand. Then, towards twilight, we often heard the heavy step of Herr Steinbach, followed by the entrance of his somewhat burly person,—when I considered it only prudent to beat a retreat to my own apartment, which, (it is no wonder,) seemed rather solitary.

So six weeks passed away, and, at the end of that time, Amelia, having taken me aside for the purpose, informed me, with much blushing and giggling, that the ensuing Monday was fixed for the celebration of her sister's marriage, and that she was commissioned to give me a formal invitation to be present.

"All our relations and friends are invited," said she, "even my little sister, Roschen, is coming from school on purpose, for it is the first wedding in our family, and as it is a far better match than any of us could reasonably have looked for, my parents wish to do Herr Steinbach and my sister all possible honor."

I gladly accepted the invitation, and looked forward to the ensuing Monday with much pleasant anticipation.

Here I must just observe, that though Gertrude Openheim was about to marry a man much older than herself, plain enough, and very rich, there was nothing like *a sacrifice* in the whole proceeding. Her parents were, undoubtedly, much pleased that she should marry so respectably, but they loved her too dearly to attempt any restraint on her feelings and actions, in so important a matter. She had accepted Herr Steinbach of her own free will; her previous flirtations had left no very deep impression on her affections, and, amidst all her gaiety and good-humor, she possessed worldly wisdom to be quite alive to the advantages resulting from a marriage so much beyond her expectations. Herr Steinbach's offer she considered a perfect god-send, which it would have been worse than foolish to refuse.

Fraulein Gertrude had chanced upon a party, given by a distant relative of Herr Steinbach's, who resided in Frankfort. The fête took place in honor of her wealthy relation's arrival, and, though its giver stood a little higher in the scale of Frankfort society than the Openheims, she was not insensible of the value of attractive belles, on such an occasion, and invited the smart daughters of the tobacconist accordingly. Here Herr Steinbach met Gertrude, was much struck with her appearance and her gaiety,—inquired who she was,—was introduced,—and, forthwith, became her devoted admirer. They had been engaged a few months, and, for the last six weeks of the period, the somewhat elderly lover had managed to let his business detain him in Frankfort, and at length observed, it was not worth while to return home till after the wedding. So Gertrude, who, to tell the truth, was not yet tired of parading herself amongst her young friends as the betrothed of the rich banker, and who, we may suppose, was not in any violent hurry to convert into a mere husband, a lover of whom she felt tolerably certain, was obliged to "name the day," and accelerate her preparations as much as might be. Saturday —the last day but one before the important Monday arrived,—I was, as usual, admitted as visitor to the cheerful work-room, where chairs and tables were now strewn with the hundred articles of female finery deemed indispensable for a bride's wardrobe. I was much diverted at the make and appearance of sundry of the decorations, which might have caused a London milliner to lift up her hands and eyes in astonishment; and we were all talking and laughing, in the highest glee, when the door softly opened, and there stood before us a creature so lovely, that I could not suppress a slight exclamation of admiring surprise.

This was a girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, as might be conjectured from the little, childish outline of her figure, which had evidently neither attained its full height, or its entire perfection of shape; but a year or two older, if the intelligence expressed in her countenance could be trusted. Her eyes were intensely dark, at once soft and penetrating; her forehead so pure and smooth, that it had more the appearance of polished ivory than of living flesh; but the cheek, with its deep but changeful crimson,—the soft, rich red lips—the dark ringlets, which trembled in the light air that played through the opened windows, all told, plainly enough, that no vision stood before us, but a lovely human bud, that should expand into a scarcely more lovely flower. She was dressed simply, in a dark travelling pelisse, of the plainest fashion, and one hand held a large straw-bonnet, of which she had just disencumbered her head, while the other was lifted up, as if her first burst of gladness had been checked by the sight of a stranger. All this was impressed on me in a few moments, for the sisters flew towards her, delighted, and half smothered her with caresses.

"Roschen! dear, dear little Roschen! when did you come? How was it we did not hear you? and, where is my aunt? Dearest, we have been so longing for you,—and now you must come and stay at home, to comfort our parents for the loss of Gertrude; my darling, darling child!"

The moment I looked upon Roschen Openheim, I felt that there stood before me a creature as superior to those around her as the diamond to all other gems,—that this was one of the unaccountable instances in which nature places in an ungenial soil a plant of the rarest and most refined beauty. The elder sisters were merry, good-natured girls, but Roschen was a great deal more. Even in that early spring of girlhood, there was the stamp of *mind* on her countenance—of that pure and high intellect which casts so undefinable a glory over the perishable body that enshrines it. The familiar intercourse of weeks had produced kindly feelings in my heart towards Gertrude and Amelia; the silent gazing of an hour inspired me with intense and undying interest in *her*. I once said, in the bitterness of my heart, it had been well if she had made a less lasting impression on my mind, but I have lived to recall that saying.

The day of the wedding rose bright and cloudless, as a wedding day ought to be. The volatile Gertrude an Amelia, the no less volatile bridesmaid, for once looked subdued and composed when all around them was mirth, joy, and gratulation. Herr Steinbach behaved with all due decorum, and received his wife from the hands of her father with an air of tender protection and solemn gratitude that was really touching. The ceremony was over, the wedding-feast was eaten, and the happy pair, accompanied by Amelia, set off for Cologne, amidst the blessings and prayers of relatives and friends.

There was one present on that day, who, though she attracted little notice from others, in the general bustle and excitement of the occasion, had withdrawn my attention repeatedly from the scene that was enacting before me, and won my thoughts to dwell upon her with an indescribable fascination. That one was Roschen. Amidst the mirth that surrounded her she evidently was absent and dispirited. Her dejection partook, in no degree, of the demureness of her elder sisters; it was not an assumption of the behaviour deemed proper to the occasion, but perfectly involuntary. I drew her aside, unobserved, and inquired what ailed her. Her eyes filled with tears:

"I do not know," she said; "I never was in this way before, I have heard people talk of a *presentiment*,—I think this must be one."

"Dear child," I replied, "of what kind is this *presentiment*? Surely it is not respecting your sister's marriage with Herr Steinbach?"

"Alas!" she replied sadly, "I almost wish it were,—it might be accounted for then, for it is natural to mistrust one's hopes, when they run in the track of one's wishes for a person so dear. No. It is not *that*, but—" She cast her eyes on the ground, and a deeper crimson suffused her cheek.

"Surely something distresses you on your own account, Roschen? You are not well, little pet, or somebody has been unkind to you."

"No one," she answered. "I had better tell the truth. Last night I dreamed a strange dream."

"Well, and so did I, Roschen; and so, I dare say, did half this company, if they only remember it. But, come, what was this wonderful dream?"

"I dreamed it was my—my wedding-day, instead of Gertrude's; and he who stood beside me,—my husband, you know,—was very, very dear to me: oh, so dear, that I love him yet, though he was only part of my dream!"

"Surely, prettiest," said I smiling, "you are not weeping for the love of a lover who has no existence but in your own imagination?"

"I know not," replied the little maiden; "I only know, that I never had such a feeling towards any living creature; and I feel as if I were changed in my very soul since I laid my head on my pillow last night. But this was not nearly all my dream. I thought——must I tell you all?—I thought we had left the church, when we were married, and we went forth, we two, alone, to walk, and he was talking to me in a low, sweet voice. I remember not a word he said, save that it was something very dear; but the sound of his voice lingers in my ear still;—and we went on, hand in hand, through fields and pleasant gardens, till we came to the side of a beautiful river. Then the scene suddenly changed, and we were on the sea-shore, where the great waves rolled up to our very feet, and presently I saw that *he* was not by my side, but was struggling amongst the waves. He cried aloud for help, but there was none at hand, and I saw him swept away: and in my agony I awoke."

"And what then?"

"Nothing more. I tell you I awakened; and I never had a dream before that gave me such a mixed sensation of happiness and misery."

"And pray, Roschen, do you know any one at all like this visionary lover? Do you think you would know him again?"

"I never saw any one at all like him; and I seemed to have known him for years; indeed, his face is fast fading from my memory, but his voice, I think I shall never forget."

"Indeed, my child, the sooner you forget the whole dream the better. See, they are going to dance. I wish you had a younger partner than myself; but as there does not seem to be one at liberty at present, come with me, and let us see if a waltz will not help to lay this spectre bridegroom!"

Roschen looked up in my face almost upbraidingly, whilst the tears filled her large, dark eyes. She evidently felt annoyed at the jesting manner in which I seemed inclined to treat her communication; but she said no more, and we joined the dancers. She grew more cheerful in the course of the day; but when she was not talking or dancing, I perceived the same expression of melancholy pervading her face, and felt that she was still brooding over her ominous dream.

My after sojourn in Frankfort was too short to admit of my completing what I much wished to possess—a portrait of this lovely child; but I have still, a coloured sketch, which conveys to me as perfect an image of what she was *then*, as the most elaborate picture could do. Long before I parted from Roschen, however, we had become fast friends. Had she been a few years older, it might have been otherwise; but between a man of thirty-five, and a girl of thirteen, free intercourse might safely be allowed; and her rich imagination, poetical temperament, and clear intellect, made her a far more delightful and instructive companion than most full-grown and full-educated women. Nor could I bear that this fair creature, so affectionate, and gifted, and beautiful, should be to me but as a lovely vision, seen with delight for a little time, and then lost for ever. It was sad to think that I should see her no more, and that she would forget me. I requested that she might write to me; and my petition was granted, as it was made on the grounds of the great interest I felt in the whole family, and my wish to improve myself in German composition. Some portions of her letters, received at different periods, I will translate as nearly as I can render them. They will help me to tell some part of my tale, and perhaps better than I could do it, in language entirely my own:—

"Frankfort, Aug. 18.

"Your letter, dear friend, was received with many welcomes, and pleased us much by the announcement of your safe arrival in England. I can imagine your delight at once more beholding your father land. I have never yet left mine; but I believe that I should better fathom the depths of my love for it, had I been absent from it for a time. My sister Amelia has just returned from Cologne, where she left Gertrude well and in high spirits. She says that she was happier during this visit than ever she was before, and I am afraid is not so well contented with our little home on her return as I could wish her to be. If I ask her what made her so happy, she immediately tells me of the crowds of people with whom Gertrude visits; of the fine dresses she wears, and the gay equipage she commands. I cannot understand the connexion between happiness and these things—how they alone can fill the heart with contentment. If I must say the truth, I do not think all these fine possessions would have reconciled me to the thought of passing my life with Herr Steinbach—not that he is unkind or gloomy, by any means; but I do not see how he and a young person like Gertrude can think alike, or feel alike. But this may be only my ignorance; I am but a young foolish girl, and so Amelia often tells me when I talk to her in this strain. Yesterday I was present at a little fete given by one who was once my school companion, on her birth-day. All the other ladies were very merry, Amelia amongst the rest, and they amused themselves with singing and dancing to a much later hour than we usually remain up when at home. I felt unaccountably melancholy, just as I did at Gertrude's wedding, when you may remember I was so saddened by a dream of the previous night. It is very strange, but it always seems that, when I am partaking of any gaiety, that dream returns upon my mind, and I hear the same wordless voice echoing through my very heart that I seemed to hear then. The young ladies saw my dejection, and rallied me much upon it, saying they supposed I was beginning to think about some lover, which brought all the blood burning into my cheeks, and at this they laughed the more. I have never trusted that dream to any but you, and I would not tell it to another for the world."

The following was written a few months after:—

"It is an old but true saying that this world is full of changes. A week ago we were all called upon to rejoice in the prospect of Amelia's marriage, and to day we have been saddened by the news of the death of Gertrude's new-born baby. But joy after all is our predominant feeling, for our sorrow of course is principally for poor Gertrude's disappointment. I must tell you about Amelia's betrothment. Her Lover is not a countrymen of our own, which is some little drawback on our pleasure; but he is so amiable and lively, and so much attached to Amelia, that we cannot disapprove of her choice. She met with him at Cologne, but she only mentioned him slightly to us a 'Monsieur Alphonse Leroux, who visited Herr Steinbach.' It now appears that Monsieur Leroux was constantly at her side while she staid with our sister, and there he has been as constantly in her thoughts ever since she returned. I shall never forget how abashed she looked when she heard his voice inquiring for her!—Surely there is nothing we recognise so soon as a voice!

"Amelia is to be married next month, and she too will go away to Cologne, where Mons. Leroux's business obliges him to reside. I shall naturally be grieved for the loss of my sister, but she seems so happy in the prospect that I am reconciled. They say I must accompany her to Cologne. I had far rather not, for every day endears my home more and more to me; but I suppose I must comply."

———

"Cologne. Feb. 18.

"Amelia is married, and has been so for more than a week, and here am I at Cologne, I cannot say *enjoying* myself much. My greatest pleasure has been seeing Gertrude again; but even that has not been unmingled with pain for she looks pale, thin, and worn. She says she has nothing to complain of, but that she is obliged to go out so often, and receive so much company on account of her husband's business, that it is seriously injuring her health.—Her eyes, too, which never were very strong, look weak and slightly inflamed. She says she can neither sow or read small print with any comfort. Amelia and Alphonse seem extremely pleased with each other. He is so very polite to her, and so full of pretty speeches and little complimentary actions, that it is impossible she should not feel obliged to him; and yet it seems to me that there is a great deal of trifling between them which cannot last for ever; and I doubt if their's is, after all, an attachment that can live without such sugar plums. But they are happy and pleased at present, and it is wrong and foolish to anticipate evil.

"I shall return to Frankfort by the middle of April. My father regrets much that I cannot be there to-morrow, to keep my fifteenth birth day, as he always wishes me to be at home on that day whenever I can, and I have never missed it before. I shall enter my fifteenth year in less than twenty-four hours from this time. I am going on fast to be a woman now. I fancy I have never been so much of a child as the children about me. When I was at school I never amused myself amongst the other girls, except we played at telling stories; then, indeed, they allowed that I excelled them all; and I used to delight in inventing the strangest things to make them wonder! I am afraid I am not quite like other people. My mother says I am but a poor housewife, and that she fears I shall never marry so well as either Gertrude or Amelia, for that young men in these times think of something else besides a pretty face. I do not mind this, however; I do not envy either of my sisters, and I do not think it will trouble me much if nobody ever proposes for me. Whenever a thought on the subject crosses my mind, I think of all I felt and suffered in that unforgotten dream, and I shrink from the thought of a love that could be different from what I experienced then.

"I had a letter from home yesterday. My father desires that, when write to you, I will tell you that the friend you speak of will be welcome in his house; that he remembers you with much regard, and will be pleased to show attention to any one you esteem. I hope he will not arrive at Frankfort till I return there, for I should like much to see one who has lately seen you."

The allusion to this friend of mine will require explanation, inasmuch as he is neither more or less than the hero of my story Roschen little imagined that Frank Middleton had but one errand to Frankfort, and that to see her fair self!

Francis Middleton was the only child of a country gentleman of good family and tolerable fortune. He was many years younger than myself, yet we were close friends, and the circumstance of his possessing a fine natural talent for painting, joined to an enthusiastic love of all that is beautiful in art or nature, served to render our intercourse more frequent than it might have been in an ordinary case. Indeed a day seldom passed during my periodical sojourn in town, without bringing Frank from his chambers in the Temple to my studio, and there he chanced to cast his eye on the sketch of Roschen's lovely head. He did not rest till I told him all I knew of the fair original, and again and again he turned the conversation to the subject of my "little German rose-bud." Our communings about her were neither short nor unfrequent, for I had fully as much pleasure in talking of her as he in listening, and the extracts which I read him from her letters had always to be repeated a second or even a third time. I little thought what effect these conversations were producing on the mind of my enthusiastic young friend, or that the image of Roschen had obtained such ascendancy over his imagination that his feelings for her, all unknown as she was, already amounted to a positive passion. My astonishment, therefore, may be conceived, when, without any preface, he announced his intention of proceeding to Frankfort, and seeking out the beautiful reality of the shadow which haunted him continually. I vainly endeavored to dissuade him from prosecuting a scheme so vague and romantic. I represented the disappointment that might await him; that Roschen's beauty might not have fulfilled its early promise; that in manners she might be different from what he might expect to find her—in short, I proved to a demonstration that his plan was at best a foolish and a fanciful one. My objections were all met by a solemn declaration that, come what might, to Frankfort he would go; that if Roschen were in the land of the living see her he would; and that if she corresponded with the idea he had formed of her, he would woo, and, if possible, win her. At any rate, he said, if she were not such as he had imagined her, his delusion would be dispelled, and the fierce fever which was preying on his very heart would be allayed: he should look on the past as a dream, and try to shake off its influence for ever. Finding that argument availed nothing towards dispossessing him of his resolution, or infatuation, whichever it may be called, I agreed to give him a letter to her family, recommending him as an inmate on the terms on which I had been received by them; and to this Roschen alluded in her letter, as I had written before-hand to know if my friend could be accommodated in their house for a short time. I had no misgiving as to Frank's conduct. I knew him to be perfectly well principled and honorable, and I did not fear that Roschen would ever have cause to repent the acquaintance she would thus make

His health, really materially injured by the excited state of his feelings, and the facilities afforded for sketching by a continental tour, were pleas to which his indulgent father yielded at once, and he left England, with his parent's blessing, a tolerably well-filled purse, and a heart full of the hopes and ardor of youth, to undertake his wild adventure. Before he had been a week in Frankfort he wrote to me, and the progress of his fortunes will be best told by the following passage from his letter:—

"I have seen Roschen, and that is equivalent to saying that *I love her*, with all the devotion of which a human heart is capable. It was the embodying of my vision when she entered the room where I sat, and it seemed to me that her form and features were perfectly familiar to me. Your account of your first sight of her seemed transferred to my own experience; I cannot think she is changed from what she was at thirteen, though I dare say she may be taller and more formed. Her hair (do you remember her beautiful black hair?—yet, how could you ever forget it!) was parted smoothly from her forehead, and fell in profuse waving tresses on her shoulders. I never beheld a face so perfect both in form and expression, and better, far better, is the lovely spirit within.

"There was one singular circumstance attending our first interview. When she entered the room it was some seconds before I could overcome my emotion so much as to speak to her. But presently, as I was addressing some observation to her father, she started at the sound of my voice, and turned full towards me with such a searching eager look as I shall never forget, her face being first deadly pale, and then suddenly suffused with an intense blush. When I afterwards asked the reason of her emotion, she replied, 'that she thought she had known my voice;' and my question seemed to agitate and distress her so much that I have not yet found courage to enquire farther on the subject. Pray heaven that that young and innocent heart be not already occupied!"

Frank had no real cause for jealousy. The most substantial rival he had to contend with was the dreamy phantom whose memory through nearly two years, and those years when thoughts and impressions come and go in quick succession, had clung unvaryingly to her imagination. It was the voice so long treasured in the echoes of her heart, that now for the first time in the living world had struck upon her sense; what marvel if she was agitated? Yet here I beg most distinctly to disclaim any intention of throwing an air of German mysticism and *diablerie* over my story, for I utterly renounce the idea that there was any thing supernatural in the dream that had troubled the fancy of the young and imaginative girl. That there was a strange *coincidence* between some of its features and after events, I am willing to allow, but nothing more.

I did not hear again from either of my correspondents for several weeks, and then I received a joint letter from them—Frank's share of it glowing with joyful exultation; Roschen's a mixture of bashfulness and candor, just what I should have expected from her under the circumstances.

"I cannot conceal from my dear friend," it began, "that Frank's love for me has made me very happy—too happy, perhaps, for this uncertain world—nor do I forget that you, under God's guidance, have been the cause of my present state of prosperity. My heart was drawn to you from the first day of our meeting, and yet I never trembled at growing fonder and fonder of you every day: I never shunned to look into your eyes, nor blushed if you touched my hand. Ah! it was not so when I began to love Frank! I surely loved *you* as *his* forerunner: there was gratitude awakening in my heart for the blessing that you were to be the means of procuring for me, even though I was not then apprised of it. Do you recollect *the dream*—the mystical voice, that left an everlasting echo in my heart ready to respond to the one tone that it could have distinguished amidst ten thousand? Alas! that dream had a dark side, which too often overshadows my memory, and I sit and weep lest *that* too must be fulfilled!"

Three months more passed, and another epistle from Roschen reached me by the hands of no less a messenger than Frank Middleton himself. He had been suddenly recalled to England by the information he received of his father's dangerous illness, and Roschen's letter, sealed with black, bore tidings of sorrow and death. She wrote thus:—

"We cannot long have joy unmixed with sorrow in this changeful world, dear friend. The leaves are already dropping from our household tree: my sister Amelia is a widow. Poor Alphonse Leroux was seized with a fever on the third of this month, and died after six days' illness. Our grief is indescribable, and the loss to Amelia will indeed be a heavy one; for besides the grief of parting from so kind and attentive a husband, she is left pennyless. Monsieur Leroux doubtless intended to make a proper provision for her when his business should have increased; but they lived up to their income during the first year of their marriage, so that beyond a trifle there will be nothing left for Amelia after all debts are paid. She will go to my sister Steinbach for a while, and then return to us; most likely she will come with Gertrude to my marriage, which, if God returns my betrothed to me in safety, will take place in six or seven months. Poor Frank! He, too, is called to suffer, for he does not expect to find his father alive when he reaches England. I regret bitterly now that I did not more urgently entreat him to inform his father of our attachment in its first stage. It will now, I fear, never have the sanction of a paternal blessing."

Even so it proved. The elder Mr. Middleton lived but a few hours after his son's arrival at home, and died without giving him one sign of recognition. Frank staid no longer than was absolutely necessary for the arrangement of his affairs, but returned to Germany as soon as he possibly could.

His marriage with Roschen, however, was delayed from various causes, for upwards of a twelvemonth after Mr. Middleton's death. At last I received an account of its celebration in a letter written at the request of Roschen by the widowed Madame Leroux; and certainly her epistle displayed more feeling than I had given her credit for in her gayer and younger days.

After a description of the guests, the entertainment, the apparel of the bride, and such like weighty matters, it continued thus :—

"I tried to smile, and to cheer dear Roschen as much as I could, but nevertheless the remembrance of my own marriage, so gay and happy as I was then, and the thought of my present desolate condition, hung heavily on my heart, and I fear I was cheerful with a very poor grace. Indeed when Roschen and I were alone in her chamber, just before she left us for her own house, I attempted to speak jestingly to her, for I saw she needed to see us all gay and glad to support her under the trial of leaving her early home; but it would not do—the tears *would* force themselves into my eyes, and then we fell into each other's arm, and wept. Gertrude was not with us, as she would have been. She could not leave her husband, who is far from well in his health; some say the credit of his house does not stand as high as once it did. I fear there will soon be another widow amongst us, sisters."

Her foreboding was no idle one. Herr Steinbach died a few weeks after Roschen's nuptials, and the widowed sisters returned to reside with their parents, who, poor as they were, and becoming daily more infirm, could ill have borne the burden, had not their slender means been aided by the small annuity saved from the wreck of Steinbach's property for the benefit of his widow, and by frequent and freely-given assistance from Frank Middleton.

Seven years passed, and I seldom heard from my friends. Frank disposed of the greatest part of his English estate, and, yielding to his young wife's affection for her native land, resided almost entirely in Germany. Carl Openheim and his wife died within a short time of each other, and one child, a little girl, was added to Frank's family circle. At the end of these seven years Middleton visited England, for the purpose of investing a large sum of money in a more advantageous manner than he could find an opportunity of doing on the continent. Having effected his object, he left London in a small vessel bound for Hamburgh, where he had some further business to transact. Five days afterwards the vessel was driven on shore a total wreck, every one on board having, as it was supposed, taken to the boat, and perished with their fragile refuge.

But if I was shocked to the very soul by these dreadful tidings, what was the agony, the overwhelming horror of Roschen, when they reached her? She, whose life appeared bound up in his—she, the beautiful, the gentle, the imaginative being, whose whole soul was a world of love and tenderness, was thus rendered in one moment utterly desolate. The deaths of her sisters' husbands had been heavy bereavements and deeply felt, but all seemed to understand at once that Roschen's affliction was not to be put in comparison with those.

Sorrow, however, passionate, must subside. It is a merciful ordination of a merciful God, that, except in a very few cases, grief, however true and abiding, loses in time its sharpness; and as soon as Roschen was sufficiently calm to attend in some measure to what was passing around her, it was proposed that the three sisters, uniting their incomes—or rather the incomes of Gertrude and Roschen, for poor Amelia had none—should reside together in the house that had been their parents'. This plan was put into execution, and the three sisters, so prosperously wedded to all appearance, and so early dressed in "weeds of woe," were soon called, *par excellence*, "The three widows of Frankfort." Attached to each other as these sisters certainly were, and dear as Roschen's little girl, Fanchette, was to all of them, they might, notwithstanding all that had passed, have lived in peace and contentment; but affliction had not yet done with them. The property which should have been Roschen's and her child's, on the death of poor Frank was withheld from them, at the instance of the heir-at-law; and though there was little doubt that the dispute would finally be decided in favor of the widow and her child, she was meanwhile sorely harrassed and distressed by the cessation of the income on which she depended for subsistence. Her father's property, with the exception of the house they occupied, had gone to satisfy his creditors, and the widow Steinbach's annuity was quite insufficient for the support of four persons, allowing them the merest necessaries of life; but the state of poor Roschen's mind, while suffering under her accumulated trials, will be best depicted by herself:—

"It is hard, dearest friend, to find that I cannot even have quietness in my affliction—I, who, but for my little child, want nothing but to lie down and die in peace. I declare to you that the petty annoyances I have to endure, the sense of oppression and wrong that is perpetually stinging me, the daily necessity of thinking and talking about the paltry embarrassments that press upon me from all sides, are less easy to be borne than the one overwhelming agony, which crushed my heart and desolated me at once and for ever. I had a positive anticipation of luxury in sitting calmly down with my sorrow for life—sorrow so hoarded and so sacred, that no one should ever venture the attempt to divorce me from it. I had satisfaction in thinking that I might give up all my worldly affairs to the guidance of my sisters, who are better fitted for such superintendence than I am—that I might ponder for ever on the lost one, and every day recal some trait of mind or feature, that I might add it to the image I would enshrine in my memory. I trusted that meditation on *him*, and prayer to God, might occupy much of my time, and that the hours I should spend with my little girl (whom I meant to place at some school near at hand) should be passed in recalling and keeping alive in her mind the remembrance of her father, in expanding the buds of love that were already wreathing round his image in her heart, and which may have been checked by the untimely blight that has fallen on our prospects. Thus I hoped my life would pass away, and that when I laid me down to die, or rather to live once more, rejoining my beloved, I should have known that I left behind me a monument to his memory of my own raising, sheltered in the fair temple of my daughter's heart. But it is otherwise ordained for me. The fatherless and widow are ever deemed fit subjects for oppression, and all that can be done to distress and disturb one is done by my husband's cruel relative. Were it for myself only, I feel I could not support the struggle; but if I yield who shall protect my child, and what must support my sisters? I see another heavy trouble already overshadowing us; my poor sister Gertrude is threatened with blindness, and that of a kind which I am told can never be removed by any skill. To us, who are even now compelled to derive the greatest part of our subsistence from the work of our hands, a severer affliction can scarcely be conceived."

Gertrude's loss of sight soon became total, and she was thus disabled from assisting in the delicate needlework, to which Amelia and Roschen were now obliged to apply with redoubled assiduity, the poor remuneration of their toil scarcely affording them a livelihood. For two years, however, the sisters struggled on, but at the end of that time their prospects seemed even darker than before; their health was impaired by constant toil. Rochsen's lawsuit remained still undecided, and the Widow Steinbach, from an accident, had become lame as well as blind.

Over against their humble dwelling there resided a personage of some note in the neighborhood, for his eccentric habits and his reported wealth. Her Schobeln was not a native of Frankfort, but had resided there from his childhood, having been brought up by an aunt, who at her death left him a considerable property, which he was supposed to have increased to an immense amount—how was not exactly known. He carried on no visible trade or profession, but was supposed to be connected with some lucrative business at a distance, ostensibly carried on by others, for he frequently disappeared at irregular times, for uncertain periods of from one to five or six months, and no curiosity, however eager, had yet been satisfied as to where he went, or how he employed himself during those absences. He never spoke of having any relative but the aunt with whom his youth had been spent, and who was to the full as reserved and eccentric as himself. None ever appeared as his visitor, and though he was civil to his neighbors, *en passant*, he never invited any one of them to enter his doors. He kept no domestic but one old woman, and she was only employed for a few hours each day, and lodged with her son in the next street. Yet his manners displayed nothing of either gloom or misanthropy; on the contrary, he was peculiarly courteous in the little intercourse he held with his fellow-creatures, and particularly kind to his old attendant, whom he always paid liberally. Moreover, he was remarkably well-looking for his years, tall, well made, and possessed of a high, bold forehead, slightly fringed with silver hair, and an intelligent, open countenance. He had lived in the same house ever since he came, and long before Carl Openheim had purchased the litte messuage now inhabited by the three sisters. The family had always been on good terms with Herr Schobeln—that is to say, they had regularly exchanged salutations when they met, and the solitary had regularly sent them the first salad of the year, raised in the plot of garden which he cultivated with his own hands; in return for which he as regularly received a small basket of their finest pears when the season came round. But they had never exchanged a word with him beyond a passing "good day," and therefore their surprise may be imagined when, one fine summer's evening, Amelia, who generally acted as portress, opened the door to Herr Schobeln. Still more were they astonished when, in compliance with the polite invitation which Madame Leroux uttered as the sentence that came most readily to hand on the occasion, Herr Schobeln walked in "with stately step and slow," and, after bowing politely to Roschen and Gertrude, seated himself in the arm-chair which had been their father's, with as much ease and friendliness of manner as if he had been on the most intimate terms with them all his life; moreover, the lamp being lighted, they perceived that Herr Schobeln was attired with unusual splendor in a court suit, which he had never been known to display before, save on the occasion of some public rejoicing, or on such festivals as Easter and Christmas. He did not, however, make any attempt at commencing a conversation, until Roschen, conquering her sense of embarrassment as well as she was able, inquired to what fortunate circumstance they were indebted for the honor of a visit from Herr Schobeln?

"Pardon me, ladies," replied the guest, "for having caused you some little surprise, I had almost said alarm, by my unlooked-for appearance in your house; and allow me, in as few words as I can, to explain its meaning. For many years I have lived in almost entire solitude, and truly I cannot say I have lived unhappily. I have had my books, my flowers, my household matters to attend to, and I can assure you time has never hung heavily on my hands. Many have wondered at my solitary mode of life, and a thousand strange surmises have been afloat respecting me. I need not tell you that they have all been incorrect, and I am now going to confide to you the true reason of my singularities. My absences from home have occasioned much conjecture; it has been supposed that I was secretly connected with some lucrative trade, which I had sufficient cause to keep secret. I tell you at once that it was not so, and that what wealth I happen to possess is that bequeathed to me by my aunt, considerably increased, I own, by my frugal method of life. In early youth I wished to travel, and I did so. I became attached during my wanderings to a very beautiful Swiss lady, and we were betrothed to each other. But during a separation of unusual length, several of my letters to her were lost, or, as I imagine, intercepted, by one who had professed himself my friend, whilst in reality he was my rival. At any rate he prevailed on Blanche to forget her vows, and become his wife. His after conduct to her was most cruel, and that, and the discovery of the perfidious arts he had used to gain her consent to be his, so preyed on her mind, that she became deranged, and that so completely, that she was obliged to be placed in strict confinement. Her husband died a few years afterwards, and I then sought an interview with her, hoping that some glimmering of sense might be restored by my presence. She did not appear to know me at first, but after a time a faint dawn of memory seemed to steal over her mind, and she called me by name, weeping like a child. I weary you, ladies, by this relation; I have no right to intrude it on you, but I have a purpose in doing so."

The sisters all declared they were much honored by his confidence, and deeply interested in his narrative, and they begged that he would proceed.

"After our interview she was calmer than she had been since her malady first appeared, and in future, in her wildest moments, the very mention of my name appeared to soothe her, and invariably produced a flood of tears, which seemed to relieve her much. My occasional presence, too, seemed productive of benefit, and it was suggested to me by one well skilled in the treatment of cases similar to hers that I should frequently visit her, and remain in her neighborhood for a longer or a shorter period, as our interviews seemed to soothe her or otherwise. I removed her from the asylum where she had hitherto been immured, to the house of a skilful surgeon, who sent for me whenever he deemed my presence might be useful. Till within the last few months I had the satisfaction of feeling that I lessened her sufferings, and was serviceable to the being whom I had loved best on earth. She does not now need my care."

He stopped in some agitation, but resumed in a few moments.

"Thank God, her reason was restored before her death, in all the clearness and strength of her youth. She knew me, and thanked me, and her last act was to place her wasted hand in mine, her last word a blessing on my name. Dear ladies, the being who occupied my whole thoughts and affections is gone, and the sense of loneliness presses heavily upon me. My heart has been so long used to have an object on which to expend its sympathies, that I am unhappy in the want of it. Why should not we be friends? You have all been sufferers, particularly tried, and so have I; there is much of equality in our circumstances, and I have come to you this evening to say what I never said to a family in Frankfort before—'Let us be friends.' Suffer me so visit you sometimes, to take an interest in your affairs, and, as far as I am able, to render you my assistance.

The three widows were certainly much astonished at Herr Schobeln's manner of introducing himself to their acquaintance; but they were touched and interested by his story, and the earnestness with which the solitary man appealed to them for sympathy. They could not refuse his request, and therefore intimated that they should be happy to receive him when he felt disposed to visit them.

One of the party, however, soon began to feel some little regret that their assent had been so easily given. Scarcely a day went by without some present of fruit or vegetables, or other small matters, being conveyed by the ancient serving-woman of Herr Schobeln to the humble home of his fair neighbors, and very shortly not an evening passed in which his tall person might not be seen occupying the large leathern chair of the deceased tobacconist. Roschen felt somewhat annoyed, despite the natural kindness of her hear, because their privacy seemed effectually broken up. Amelia, on the contrary, was secretly delighted, for she had thoughts on the subject, which, however, she would not have communicated to Roschen for the world. She did, indeed, venture on a few distant hints of good fortune to arise from this new intimacy, though as to the particular form in which it was to come she preserved an oracular silence; and Roschen was too much wrapt up in her own thoughts to attempt to unravel the mystery, or to regard Herr Schobeln as anything but a very good neighbor, whose visits would be far pleasanter if they were not quite so frequent.

But during Roschen's absences from the sitting-room Amelia felt no such restraint in conversing with the Widow Steinbach. They talked on the subject of Herr Schobeln's visits, and speculated thereon to their heart's content. Poor Gertrude, deprived of the power of making her own observations on the state of affairs, always applied to Madame Leroux for the result of her's, and their dialogues were generally carried on in something of the following strain:

"Well," the Widow Steinbach would say, by way of commencement, Roschen's languid step having died away, and her chamber door having closed on the sufferer—"Well, so you tell me that our neighbor, Schobeln, wore last night a new cinnamon vest, with gold buttons; is it not rather strange for him to get a new vest?"

"I never remember such a thing before," Amelia would rejoin; "he used always to wear a black one, and I never saw him in any other, except the one belonging to his best suit, which he wore the first evening he came, you know."

"It is very strange," said the Widow Steinbach.

"What is strange!" said Amelia, innocently simpering a little though, and stealing a glance at the mirror, which perhaps she would not have done had her sister been able to observe it.

"I don't mean the new vest only," pursued Gertrude, "but the whole thing; his coming at all, after knowing us by sight so many years, and now his coming so regularly every night."

"Well, that *is* strange certainly," assented Amelia.

"But I think I can find a reason for it, strange as it is," continued the Widow Steinbach "What would you think, Amelia, if he should be coming to look for a wife?"

"A wife, sister!" said Amelia, with a very good tone of surprise.

"Aye, a wife, Madame Leroux; why should not he seek a wife as well as another, especially now, he has no more trouble or expense about that mad lady, you know? Why should not he have found out that a lonely home is not a happy one, and that a kind face and a bright smile by his fireside, and a kind hand to smooth his pillow if he were ill, would be a blessing? He is rich—we are poor: why, if he should ask one of us in marriage, should we say to him nay? It is not of myself I speak; my infirmities are a sufficient answer to any thought that might arise on that subject; but if he offer to marry either you or Roschen, why should you refuse the means of escaping from this life of toil and poverty?"

The tears of Amelia were by this time flowing fast, but her sister continued—

"You are the best judge yourself to which his inclinations tend; I should think he would most likely choose you, for Roschen's sorrowful voice alone would put such thoughts about *her* out of any man's head. It must be you, Amelia, and I trust and believe it will prove so, and therefore already I say, 'God bless you with him!'"

Amelia was much pleased at hearing this opinion expressed by Gertrude.—Herr Schobeln's attention had been hitherto divided so equally amongst the sisters, that she had felt some difficulty in her mind as to which was the favored fair one. She had a real respect for Herr Schobeln; she knew he was rich, and she had no objection to become the partner of his fortunes, not indeed with a mere selfish wish for her own exaltation, but to have the pleasure of sharing her comforts with her sisters. Widow Steinbach's speech had confirmed her in her opinion that it was herself and not Roschen whom he sought; and she already saw herself the mistress of the old house over the way, felt her light step bounding through its large rooms and up its wide staircases, rummaged its chests and odd corners, and heard her own laugh ring through the long-silent apartments, as she brought to light some article of strange fashion or curious workmanship. She already felt in fancy the delight of procuring for her sisters the means which should supply Gertrude with the comforts her infirm state rendered necessary to her, and exempt Roschen from her laborious employments. She lived day by day in a happy dream of the future, only wishing that Herr Schobeln would be a little more explicit at once, that she might commence altering her dresses for the wedding, which she had not yet ventured to do, although she had already turned them over many times, and contrived how they might be re-modelled to the best advantage. Why did not Herr Schobeln speak? He spoke at last, and *to* Amelia herself *by* herself; yet his avowal had the effect of a sudden thunderbolt, shattering to atoms the fairy palace of her hopes and anticipations. He spoke, and after a long preamble concerning the disagreeableness of solitude and the pleasures of the married state, he finished his harangue by begging, humbly begging, that Amelia would propose him as a suitor to her sister Roschen! What Amelia said, or how she received the unravelling of his *intentions*, cannot be known, for she never knew exactly herself. She remembered something about pleasure and honor, and endeavoring to meet his wishes, and then flew to the Widow Steinbach to disburden her mind of the astounding intelligence. But Gertrude did not sympathize with her exactly as might have been expected. "They had been mistaken;" that was all—she saw great cause for thankfulness that the wedding and the wealth would still be in the family, for of course Roschen, though no doubt she would be astonished, would never be so mad as to refuse him, if it were only for the sake of little Franchette. She shifted Roschen into the character of bride, which she had hitherto marked out for Amelia, with wonderful facility, observing in conclusion, that at any rate there would be a wedding, and they would all be at it. Very true: but it is a different thing to be the principal person on such an occasion, or a mere looker-on—there is a wide distinction between the importance of a bride and a bridesmaid, and being the mistress and dispenser of this world's goods, and the humble recipient of them. All this Amelia felt, and a sense of deep disappointment and mortification, together with shame for the self-delusion she had been subject to, did at first possess her mind, though a certain pride swelling at her heart forbade her to say so, and urged her to acquiesce in the view Gertrude took of the matter with the best grace she could. Indeed such was the excellence of her temper and the elasticity of her feelings, that when a few hours after she informed Roschen of the proposal she was commissioned to make, she did it with a smiling countenance, and was really distressed when her sister declared her intention of refusing Herr Schobeln's offer.

Months went by, and not only once, but many times, by the agency of her sister, personally and by letter, did Roschen refuse Herr Schobeln. There was, perhaps, a lingering hope in Madame Leroux's heart that the determined coldness of Roschen might lead their neighbor to recollect that his cruel fair one had a sister, neither old nor ugly, who might not be so indifferent to a similar proposition; but months, as I have said, went by, and Herr Schobeln determined to write once more to his obdurate charmer, and if she still continued unpropitious, to leave the town where he had already been much talked of as the rejected suitor of the beautiful young widow. Roschen received this letter, retired to her chamber, where she remained some hours, and on her return to the room where her sisters were sitting, calmly but coldly announced her intention of accepting Herr Schobeln.

Let no one who reads this tale burst forth with the hacknied quotation—"Frailty, thy name is woman!" Roschen had done nothing rashly—nothing that could possibly subject her to the charge of fickleness or folly. The image of Francis Middleton, the first, the only loved of her heart, was as fresh in her memory as ever; this she had told Herr Schobeln, even while she acceded to his proposal. But he was gone; lost to her forever in this world—her own health was failing, and, should she die, what would be the fate of her orphan child? who would carry on the struggle for her rights, which her mother had never yet abandoned? Then the Widow Steinbach: how could Amelia, in the event of Roschen's death, both wait upon her and work for her own support? All these things had been considered and re-considered, and thus it was that Roschen had consented to be the wife of Herr Schobeln.

The sisters, who had been apprehensive that, after all, there would be no wedding in the family, were overjoyed at Roschen's decision. Of the sacrifice she was making for others they had no comprehension. They were thankful that she had *changed* her *mind*, and they had no conception of the slow and most painful process by which that change had been effected. Roschen wept bitterly over her unappreciated sacrifice that night, as she knelt beside her sleeping child's couch, and poured out the agony of her soul before her Maker.

There was no occasion for the alteration of old dresses for the bridal, as Amelia had supposed there would be. Herr Schobeln sent the richest stuffs and silks that could be purchased in Frankfort as presents both to the bride elect and her sisters. Every preparation was made on a splendid scale.—The old house, so long the subject of much ungratified curiosity amongst the towns-people, was now filled with workmen, and the gossips who gained admission were much disappointed to find it was so like other old houses. The wealth which the neighborhood had so long taken for granted, was now presented to its eyes in the visible forms of rich carpets, curtains, and furniture of every kind.

The arrangements for the wedding feast were made in an equally liberal style by the direction of the bridegroom, and all Frankfort talked of nothing but the change that was taking place in the circumstances of two persons so unlikely to marry as the rich bachelor and the broken-hearted widow, and above all so unlikely to marry each other.

Perhaps even in the early bloom of her beauty Roschen had never looked so lovely as on the morning of her second wedding-day. The rich material and plain fashion of her snow-white dress suited well with the pure and intellectual character of her countenance, and the expensive lace veil which shaded her pale brow lent fresh delicacy to the outline of her features.—There was no wildness in her dark eye; no convulsive motion of the lip—all was hushed and composed as the calm depths of her own resolved spirit. She felt grateful to Herr Schobeln for all he had promised—a home for her sisters, protection for her child, unbounded kindness to herself, though she felt in her heart the last would not long be required. Since they had conversed more frequently and confidentially together, the bridegroom's feelings had undergone a change; he loved Roschen more than ever, if it were possible, but his love was blent with a respect that partook of the character of reverence. Indeed on the bridal day she seemed to awe even more than she had charmed him, and he moved and spoke in her presence with a deference that was scarcely lover-like.

The strangely assorted pair stood before the altar, where, ten years before, Roschen's young heart had throbbed so wildly, as her hand was placed in that of Francis Middleton, and the words pronounced which made her his own. She seemed to herself, in the present instance, to be enacting a part in some pageant in which she had no real interest. If this ceremony meant any thing; if she were *really* the bride of another, could she stand there so calm, so self-possessed? It was impossible.

The ceremony began; there was a little stir at the door amongst the crowd who were passing in to witness it, and then voices were heard as in altercation. The clergyman paused and commanded silence, but still the people struggled, and still angry voices sounded. Suddenly Roschen started and turned round, gazing earnestly towards the door and listening with eager attention. A moment more and the bride sprang from her station at the altar, passed quickly through the crowd, who instinctively fell back to give her way, and was caught in the arms of a tall sunburnt man, in shabby sailor's clothes, whom she and no other knew—knew in an instant to be her own Francis Middleton!

He had been washed over board early on the fatal evening of the wreck, and, clinging to a floating spar, had been picked up by a small outward-bound vessel, and thus escaped the fate which awaited those who took to the boat. This vessel in her turn was doomed to disaster, being taken by a pirate, and all on board her were butchered or made prisoners. He had suffered sickness and slavery and imprisonmtnt, but all had been overcome, and he had just reached Frankfort in time to save Roschen from becoming the wife of another.

"So there will be no wedding after all!" murmured Widow Steinbach, with something of a chagrined expression, when she was hastily informed of these particulars. "Of course I am delighted that Frank is alive and come home to us again, but it is a pity all these preparations have been made for nothing!"

"I would not have you be too sure of that," said Herr Schobeln at her elbow, and he spoke in a cheerful voice, very unlike that of a man who had just experienced so heart-rending a disappointment.

Widow Steinbach treasured up the words, though she was too wary to startle Herr Schobeln by asking for an explanation of their meaning; but at the first opportunity she communicated them, with sundry notes and comments of her own, to Madame Leroux.

Again did Amelia's heart beat high with hope, and visions of altered old dresses and splendid new ones flitted before her mind's eye, together with the celebration of nuptials, whereat she herself was a principal personage; and reveries *would* come, and hopes *would* haunt her on the subject, notwithstanding her wise resolves against castle building in future. *This* time, however, her anticipations were realised. She became the wife of Herr Schobeln, and a happy wife, too, despite the difference in their ages; and she reigned mistress of the old house and its handsome modern furniture, and rummaged every cranny and corner from garret to cellar, just as she had pictured to herself that she should, long before. She was not destined to become a mother, but she was of too contented a disposition to fret about the matter; and her kindness, unconcentrated by that absorbing feeling, maternal affection, flowed out to every creature around her. Herr Schobeln never had cause to repent the return of Frank Middleton, and only wondered how it was that Amelia had not been his choice in the first instance. The Widow Steinbach found a home with her newly married sister, and little Franchette became the recipient of all the spare affections of Amelia's heart, and in process of time the inheritrix of a great part of Herr Schobeln's wealth. I have visited Frankfort again within the last few years, and passed some days at the mansion of Herr Schobeln, and the humbler home of Frank and Roschen; and I can truly say I have seldom enjoyed more heartfelt satisfaction than in witnessing the contentment and prosperity of the three sisters who had formerly been known and pitied as "the three widows of Frankfort."

Frazer's Magazine for Dec.

It is very common for birds to flock about the sea-lights at night in certain states of the weather, but we have not met with an occurrence to the same extent as the following.—The Pentland Skerries Lighthouse, Orkney Islands, return for October states, that on the night of the 11th they had light airs of wind with hazy weather, when nine dozen of larks, snipe, and woodcocks were caught fluttering about the lantern, and had more assistance been at hand double that number might have been secured.

Portrait Gallery

OF DISTINGUISHED

AMERICAN AND IMPORTED HORSES,

PRESENTED GRATUITOUSLY

TO THE

SUBSCRIBERS OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Portraits of the following celebrated Horses, designed to constitute an AMERICAN SPORTING GALLERY, have been published during the present volume of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, accompanied with complete *Memoirs*, giving the Pedigree, Characteristics and Performances of each, with incidental notices of their contemporaries, etc. The ENGRAVINGS correspond in size (sixteen inches by twelve) with those annually published in London, of the Winners of the Derby, Oaks and St. Leger, and have been executed in line, *on Steel Plate*, expressly for This Paper, from Original Pictures in oil by the most eminent Artists:—

BLACK MARIA,

The property of the Hon. BALIE PEYTON, of New Orleans; Engraved by DICK after TROYE.

JOHN BASCOMBE,

The property of Col. JOHN CROWELL, of Fort Mitchell, Ala.; Engraved by DICK after TROYE.

LEVIATHAN,

The property of JAMES JACKSON, Esq. of Florence, Ala.; Engraved by DICK after TROYE.

SHARK,

The property of Col. WM. R. JOHNSON, of Petersburg, Va.; Engraved by DICK after TROYE.

HEDGFORD,

The property of Col. J. H. TOWNES, of Lexington, Miss.; Engraved by HINSHELWOOD—TROYE.

MONARCH.

The property of Col. WADE HAMPTON, of Columbia, S.C.; Engraved by DICK after DEVEAUX.

The Portrait of *Monarch* is nearly ready, and will appear immediately. Included in the number of Engravings published in This Paper during the present volume is a superb Portrait of MAD'LLE AUGUSTA, the celebrated *Danseuse*, in the character of "La Sylphide," engraved by HINSHELWOOD on Steel, from a sketch and picture by CHALON and INMAN.

New Volume for 1840.

A New Volume of This Paper—the Tenth—will be commenced on the 7th of March next. The first number will appear in a new and beautiful dress, and in the course of the volume will be given PROFESSOR STEWART'S work on STABLE ECONOMY, *entire*, with all the Plates and Drawings. This capital work, which has not been republished in this country, extends to four hundred and thirty-six pages. It is "A Treatise on the *Management of Horses*, in relation to Stabling, Grooming, Feeding, Watering, Working and Training." The paper will also be embellished with a great number of ECHINGS and OUTLINES on the plan of "*Bell's Life in London*," and notwithstanding "times aint now as they used to vos," no reduction will be found in the amount of labor nor expense lavished upon it. The force in each department will be increased, and every exertion made to render the "Spirit of the Times" worthy of the consideration accorded to it as the accredited Organ of the American Sporting World.

In the course of the ensuing volume the Sporting Gallery will be increased by the addition of Portraits of several of the most distinguished Horses in the Union, engraved in a style of superior finish and beauty, and if the plan should be approved of by our subscribers generally, Portraits on a magnificent scale will also be executed of several of the CORINTHIAN COLUMNS of the AMERICAN TURF, commencing with "*The Old Napoleon*."

The following Portraits for the ensuing volume are already in the hands of the most eminent engravers in this city. They will follow each other in rapid succession, and due notice will be given of the additions to the number as they are received.

BOSTON,

The property of Mr. JAMES LONG, of Washington City; Painted by DE LATTRE for Col. JOHNSON, of Va.

Now in the hands of Mr. Dick.

ARGYLE,

The property of Hon. PIERCE M. BUTLER & Co., of Columbia, S. C.; Painted by TROYE for Col. HAMPTON, of S. C.

Now in the hands of Mr. Hinshelwood.

WAGNER,

The property of Mr. JOHN CAMPBELL, of New Orleans; Painted by TROYE for the Owner.

Now in the hands of Mr. Prud'homme.

☞ It is inferred, from a letter received from one of his owners, that the Portrait of GREY EAGLE, the Champion of Kentucky, is now on its way to This Office. The Series embraced in each volume will form a *Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Horses*, which of itself will be worth more than the subscription price of the "Spirit of the Times." Colored prints of English Horses, of the same size, are published by subscription at a Guinea, or *Five Dollars each!*

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, $10 in advance. For Six Month's Subscription, $5 in advance. For Advertising One Square of 22 lines, first insertion, $5—Each subsequent insertion, $1.

☞ Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest Mails, to its different Subscribers throughout the Union, the Canadas, and Texas, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission by Ship, to Foreign Ports. Subscribers in Great Britain, France, and the British West India Islands, can rely upon receiving their papers with as much regularity as if residents of this country.

☞ Extra copies of the LARGE ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL may be obtained at the Publication Office at *One Dollar* each. They will be sent to any section of the Union, so enveloped as to secure them from injury.

TROTTING STALLIONS.

With a view to improve the breed of carriage horses in Kentucky, we have recently purchased for JOHN W. HUNT, Esq., of Lexington, two of the finest trotting Stallions at the North. One of them, *Abdallah*, is well known as the sire of some of the best trotting Stock in this section of the country. He was bred by JOHN TREADWELL, Esq., of Jamaica, L. I., the "Napoleon of the Trotting Turf," and was foaled in 1826. He was got by the celebrated Mambrino, (the son of Imp. Messenger,) out of Mr. T.'s equally celebrated mare Amazonia, who for ten years, or more, had no superior on the road. Abdallah is a beautiful bay, without white, fifteen hands three inches high. He was slightly trained at 4 yrs. old, and was considered the fastest horse on Long Island; no purses being offered at that time for trotting, Mr. T. put him into the breeding stud, where he has proved himself a sure foal-getter, and won the highest reputation as the sire of hard-bottomed horses of uncommon speed and courage With the exception of *Andrew Jackson*, for whom $5000 has been refused, Abdallah is the finest limbed and most bloodlike trotting stallion we ever saw. For one of his get—Lady Blanche—$2000 has been refused. Abdallah has stood in New Jersey, or on Long Island, since his 4 yr. old year, and the price his colts command, for road and carriage horses, over those of any other stallion, show, conclusively, the estimation in which his stock is held in this city. He is entirely free from blemish of any description, and unusually kind and good-tempered, as are his colts. He is a gallant spirited horse, and his action is uncommonly fine.

The other horse, *Commodore*, was bred by Col. BENJ. ALBERTSON, of North Hempstead, Queen's Co., L. I, and foaled in 1828. He was also got by Mambrino; his dam by True American (a son of Volunteer who was got by Imp. Messenger)—grand dam by Tom Bogus, imported by Gen. Burgoyne of the British army. Commodore is believed to have more strains of the blood of old Messenger in his veins than any horse remaining on Long Island. He is a rich blood bay, with no other white than a pretty star, and over sixteen hands high, of immense substance and power. He is a horse of noble presence, and unusually fine action. He has never been trained, but is broken to harness and perfectly gentle, though of great spirit. His natural gait in walking or trotting is rarely equalled, and it is believed that no son of Mambrino living, can compare with him in size, color, shape, strength, blood and action combined. He has been standing for several years near this city, and is known to be a sure horse, while his get are almost invariably colts, and bays at that. His stock is held in high estimation by the breeders of Long Island, where everything in relation to himself and his get is well known.

The horses left this city for Kentucky on Monday last, under the charge of Mr. Charles Hood and an assistant, both of whom are accustomed to making long journeys with blood stock. Hood took Post Boy out to Tennessee, and Reindeer and Viceroy to Georgia for us, and we make no doubt will reach Lexington with his charge in fine plight, as they left here in robust health. Mr. Hunt deserves well of his fellow citizens for his spirit in this matter. He has done much to improve the Cattle and Hogs, etc., in Kentucky, by the importation of several varieties of each, and we are glad he has been induced to extend his operations, as a judicious practical breeder and agriculturist, by the introduction of two capital stallions, from which to breed an improved stock of horses for the ordinary purposes of life. The great objection to the common stock of horses in that State, which furnishes a large majority of those in use for the saddle and carriage throughout the Mississippi Valley and the Carolinas is, that they lack bone and stamina. They are what would be termed here "*Dandy horses*;" they have generally fine heads, and forehanded are well put up, but have no more thighs, stifles, and gaskins than a sheep. They have no strength of bone and muscle in their hind quarters, and their loins, instead of being arched and well supported by strong fillets, are generally the reverse. They go off ten miles pretty well, at the rate of six or seven miles the hour, and then cave in; they are dead beat by a sharp drive of fifteen or twenty miles. Thus, while there are exceptions, doubtless, to a majority of the horses in ordinary use, their general characteristics are those of wishy-washy brutes, that are too slow for anything but to tire themselves, too weak to travel, and too lazy even to run away.

By-the-bye, entire sons of Mambrino are becoming very rare: we do not think there are more than two or three of much promise remaining, if so many, either in New Jersey or on Long Island. Some ten years since, twenty-five were bought up at one time, for the British government, and shipped to the West Indies to improve the breed of cavalry horses, while constant drafts have been annually made upon those in this vicinity, for the western part of this State, Vermont and Maine. It is notorious that the carriage-horses from these States, command 20 per cent more in the markets of the Atlantic cities than those from any other section; it is from thence also that we derive a majority of the horses on the Trotting Turf of this city and Philadelphia. A pair of "*Northern horses*,"—referring to the breed mentioned—it is well known go in more style, are handsomer, hardier, better travellers, and better broken, than any others in the Union. A person with an ordinary eye to the points and action of horses, will recognize a Northern horse at once in Carolina, Georgia, or Louisiana, notwithstanding they are generally disguised by being neither fed nor groomed so well as they are here.

WAGNER IN REPLY TO BOSTON.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 25th, 1839.

To the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times."—Dear Sir: In your paper of the 2d Nov. appeared a communication over the signature of JAMES LONG, proposing to run his horse *Boston* against my horse *Wagner*, in the Spring of 1840, "over any equal middle Course, to be agreed on by the parties," "for not less than Fifteen Thousand, nor more than Thirty Thousand Dollars," and acceptance to be made by the 1st of January.

It is due to the public, and to myself, to explain the reasons why—as I conceive—the gentleman has been so ready to shelter himself from the proposition signed "C." (in which I offered so long ago as the 5th of Oct. at Louisville, Ky, to "run Wagner against Grey Eagle, or *any other horse in the United States*, four mile heats, for $10,000, or *any amount above that sum*,") by taking advantage of my situation.

It was known to the gentleman that Wagner had returned home to New Orleans, and that I was then in Baltimore on a visit to my family, and in search of a trainer, Mr. Garrison and myself having separated only a few days prior to the appearance of his communication. I had a conversation with one of his most intimate friends, and in the course of it fully made known to him my situation;—that I expected to secure the services of Old Charles, and that if I was disappointed in procuring him, I should be destitute of a trainer for my stable on whom I could confidently depend. After the lapse of a few days, I learned that I could not engage Charles, notwithstanding I had his promise to come to me, and lo, the next thing I saw was Mr. Long's very liberal challenge for a Match!

Now I ask, can any one refrain from the belief that Mr. L. was perfectly aware that his challenge *could not* be responded to by the time designated—the 1st of January? He saw me without a trainer—in Baltimore, away from my horse, and the horse on his way to New Orleans, from whence only he had a right to expect my answer. Thus he has mantled his call with a view to gull the public, and undervalue Wagner, without any intention of a race.

I arrived here on the 15th instant, and am now prepared to treat with the gentleman, if he wishes the race, and will explain more definitely what he means by "any equal middle Course." Let him make his proposition for the Fall of 1840, so as to give *me* some hand in making the Match, and allow the horses to be put on a footing of equality. To such a proposition I will most cheerfully give a definite answer. I remain, Sir, yours, with due respect,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

The name of *Belle Brown* is claimed by Mr. JAMES STOVER, of Dayton, Ohio, for his yearling ch. f. by Wm. R. Johnson, dam by Archy of Transport, thought to be unusually promising. We learn the breeders in the vicinity of Dayton patronized Washington (a son of Timoleon) to a considerable extent last season. This year they will have an opportunity of breeding also to Civil John, by Tariff, out of Ironette's dam, a fine horse, we hear, bred by Gov. MCARTHUR. We are pleased to learn that the farmers of Ohio are lately paying considerable attention to thorough-bred stock.

Langford.—It will be seen from an advertisement in to-day's paper that this fine imported horse of Capt. STOCKTON'S has been withdrawn from the Turf, and will stand in the vicinity of Princeton, N. J., next season.

We were misinformed last week relative to Mr. BLAINE'S purchase of Mr. BATHGATE. It was a 2 yr. old colt by Imp. Trustee, out of Waterloo's dam.

WASHINGTON, February 18th, 1840.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times:

Sir—In your paper of the 15th inst., I was much surprised to see an *advertisement* of a "Four Mile Stake at Trenton," in which the author states that *Boston* is excluded by *my own* consent. I received a letter, some days since, from Mr. BROWN, the owner of the Course, to know if it would meet my approbation to exclude Boston from the contemplated "Stake?" To that letter I *immediately* answered that I would not consent to the proposed exclusion; nor was it in accordance with my racing views to exclude *any* horse from *fair* and *honorable* competition. You will confer on me a particular favor by contradicting that statement, in your next number, and, should it be necessary, inserting this note. Very respectfully, your ob't serv't, JAMES LONG.

The Albany Trotting Match.—A correspondent at Cahoes writes us that the gentleman who furnished us with a report of the recent trotting match, made an error in reference to the time, which does injustice to the horses. The parties concerned have authorized the following statement:—

"The brown horse, owned by Mr. BRIGGS, of Albany, and the chesnut, owned by Mr. DUNHAM, of Cahoes, started at the foot of State-street, Albany, and trotted to Given's Hotel in Schenectady, and back—distance thirty-one and a half miles—over a very bad road, and on a severe cold day, carrying each 350 lbs., in sleighs. The time made by the brown horse, including three stops to water, was one hour and fifty-eight minutes; the chesnut horse came in four minutes after, making two hours and two minutes. The match was for $200 aside.

"The same horses are matched for $400 to go three and a half times over the Troy road (18 miles) the 14th March next.."

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM ALABAMA.

Prospect of Sport at Mobile—Wagner and Boston—Campbell's Stable—Tom Watson's Stable—Bee's-wing, Espersikes, etc.—Col. Boardman's Stable—Mr. Tayloe's Stable—Dr. Wither's Stable—Importation of Messrs. Nott and Fearn, including Riddlesworth—R. H. Long's Stable—Maj. Blevins' Stable—Mr. Haun's Stable, etc., etc.

MOBILE, Jan. 30, 1840.

Dear P.,—If the high-bred dames and nags of old Kentuck, have not entirely led your "*spirit*" captive, I would bespeak a slender portion of its consideration towards the doings and designs of a place about our size. Although Mobile is not so topographically large as before she was burnt up, she is no small place, no how, as you would own yourself could you but see the strings on strings of racing nags that we have had for many weeks in training here? Only think of gathering together forty-odd first rate race nags in one spot! Can you beat that on the Island, or did you oversize us *much* at the Oakland! Then "who's for the Spring Meeting," when we have two fine races daily, save on the four mile days, but then, my boy, we are to have two of *them!* "Think of that, Master Brooks! think of that!"

The weather here is delicious,—balmy and mild as May, and our race course—close at hand—is, morn and evening, thronged with crowds of horses and of horsemen. The light dry soil, the fine pine woods, the clear springs, and near bay, render ours a most eligible training ground. Then see too, what nags we have to *train!* In the stable of Mr. JOHN CAMPBELL is the victorious *Wagner*, better than new by a heap. If "the *Whitenose*" would recreate himself by a Southern trip, I know of one, beside his owner, would pile one half the twenty thousand on "the Sorrel Stud." What say you? I would like to see you here along with Boston; we would entertain you, or burst a-trying! Our track itself at present is a sight, for from the multitude of nags and visitors that daily exercise themselves upon it, it affords, like an Ale House sign-board, "good entertainment for man and beast." In Campbell's stable we have also *Altorf*, looking, and going better, than he has done since he travelled South. Old *Glorvina*, too, and *Buck-eye* (by Critic) together with *Charley White* by Sir Charles, and a fine bloodlike filly by Bertrand Jun., out of old Sally Hornet. This, then, is Campbell's string, and not a bad one either: his stable is like the pleasantest sort of table, where the guests are not numerous, but very select.

Then comes the stable of old Col. TOM WATSON, trained by that capital trainer, RUDDICK. First on this list stands the unconquerable *Bee's-wing!* Although she is yet but 4 years old, she has run 15 races, and never lost but a single heat! having won for her owners, in Purses and Stakes alone, $19,750. Too swift for the fast, too stout for the strong, here's "the *Bee's-wing*" in a bumper, and who that loves good wine and a good nag will refuse to drink that! There, too, is the swift little *Fandango* by Leviathan, out of Imp. Gallopade, the fastest small crab that ever crawled over our track;—the well known *Queen of Trumps*, and *Caroline Malone*, who has won all her races, four in number, and made a second heat in 1:47—*John Malone*, a fine 3 year old Leviathan colt, out of a Richard mare, and sold a day or two ago, for $5000. One of the finest nags in this stable is *Espersikes*, a noble bloodlike colt, 2 years old, by Imp. Belshazzar. He is yet unknown on the Turf, but take my word you will hear of him in many a hard fought field to come. *Emu* is another imported horse, by Picton. He *has* beaten the far-famed Harkaway—glory enough for one day! Watson's string winds up with *The Poney*, another great winner of Leviathan's get, and *Mango*, who, with most of this stable, is about to be sold in consequence of the ill-health of the old Colonel.

Col. BOARDMAN, of Huntsville, has also sent us a select stable, under the charge of Mr. Henry, and I am in hopes that he intends to locate one permanently here. He has but four nags now, but they are *scrougers*. Two of them are fine imported colts, that is, they were got by English horses, but dropt here. The first is called *Shamrock*, ch. c. by St. Patrick out of Delight, now 3 years old; and the second is called *Denizen*, ch. c. by Acteon out of Design, also 3 years old. The others are *Fanny Strong*, by Leviathan out of Sally Bell, and *Maria Brown*, by Luzborough out of a Henry mare.

Thus you may see from even this small specimen, that though our forthcoming races include every variety, we have horses enough on hand to select appropriate fields for every one. But I have not got through one half my list. Here is H. A. TAYLOE'S stable, under the able charge of John Nichols.

1. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko (imported).
2. *Zela*, own sister to Goliah and Dosoris.
3. *John Howard*, 3 yrs., by Pacific, own brother to John Anderson.
4. *Huntsman*, 3 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan—beaten but once in 9 races.
5. *Cinderella*, 3 yrs., by Pacific, own sister to Pactolus.
6. *Keeno*, 4 yrs., by Imp. Fylde.

In the stable of Dr. ROBT. WM. WITHERS, are some of your New York acquaintances, with whose deeds you are personally better acquainted than I.

Tom Moore, by Eclipse.
Dosoris, by Henry, of Miss Walton.
Henry Moore, by Henry; and
John Anderson, by Pacific, a distinguished winner at every sort of distance.

A few days since we received here a fine importation of stock consigned to Drs. NOTT & FEARN of this city. It consisted of the celebrated stallion *Riddlesworth*, and four young things, all landed, after 70 odd days passage, without a scratch. Riddlesworth, by Emilius out of Filigree; ran 2d for the Derby, being the first race he lost, after having run and won four times in 3 weeks, in his 2 year old form; netting by the operation, the pleasant little sum of 6375 guineas. The yearlings were,

1. B. f. by The Colonel, out of Peri, the dam of Langford. She has an own sister, 3 yr. old, in Col. Hampton's stable.
2. Ro. f. by Camel, out of Codicil, the dam of Little Ecstacy, Mayfly, Heiress, &c.
3. Ch. f. by Langar, out of a Blacklock mare.
4. B. c. by Langar, out of Malvina by Oscar.

But to return to our stables. R. H. LONG has a very fine string, of which no less than seven are in training, and looking well. Even *Sorrow* looks cheerful, and well he may, for high bred sorrow has ever some *defence* against *tears*. Imported *Sorrow*, by Defence out of Tears by Woful, is a fine looking 4 year old colt, and that he is a pretty fast crab is proved by his winning a second Two mile heat in 3:43. With him comes another imported nag, *Likeness*, by Sir Peter Lely out of Worthless. She has won all the two mile races for which she has ever started, in three of these neighboring states, so that if her dam was worthless, *she* is not. Indeed she is a fine sized, footy mare, and will run away from almost any thing; so you see that Long's *Likeness* is by no means a likeness of Long! *Tom Leefe*, own brother to Bee's-wing, is another of his lot, and so is *Allen Brown*, a large and powerful Stockholder colt, own brother to Jim Polk. *Volney*, by Tonson, following the recent examples of Argyle and Rodolph, has left off getting *racers*, in hopes of making a few more *races*. He has left the *harem* with his mares, to *scarem* with his speed,—the success of which harum scarum doings you will learn in April. "Beware the Ides of March," said the soothsayer, and so say we. *Maria Red* and *Cotton Plant*, two Bertrand fillies out of Pacolet mares, belong also to Long's long string, and two better nags for indomitable game cannot be paraded in hardly any place. Besides these well tried and successful nags, Mr. Long has two young things out of old Sally Hornet, that bid fair in time not to disgrace their dam. The first is a yearling by Henry, and the other a suckling b. f. by Imp. Tranby.

Mr. J. BLEVINS has two nags, both of which are good: the first being *Bustamente*, by Whalebone out of Sally Davies, and has won every race he has started for; and the other is *Baywood*, an Eclipse colt, raised by Mr Connally.

Mr. W. G. HAUN'S string consists of *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot out of an Eclipse mare. She is now 6 years old, and has been running all the time, having won about 25 races at all distances, from 1 to 4 miles, beating among many others, the famous Maria Black. Also *Kate Haun* by Stockholder, who has run and won three Three mile heats; besides *Bob Long* by Leviathan, who ran a third Mile heat in 1:51.

I begin to fear, friend Porter, that you will be thinking "if a yard of rope is three feet, how long is this *yarn* likely to be?" I will answer your very thought—thus: not much longer. I have come to the end of my stables, to the termination of my leisure, and to the finish of my subject. Besides the above long list, there are several stables up the river that will soon be here, so that our fields will every day be crowded, and you may expect to hear of sport, of which I will keep you duly advised. Adieu! Success! elevation to your, 'spirits,"—your body does not want any.

COR. SECRETARY MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB.

Memoir of Hedgford.

PEDIGREE, CHARACTERISTICS AND PERFORMANCES OF THE IMPORTED HORSE

HEDGFORD,

WITH INCIDENTAL NOTICES OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES, AND THE WINNERS OF HIS GET.

Accompanied with a Portrait engraved on Steel

By HINSHELWOOD, from an Original Painting by TROYE.

Our readers are presented to-day with one of the most highly finished and beautiful Portraits of a "High Mettled Racer" ever published in the United States. The subject of it is "descended from a long line of glorious ancestry," the record of whose brilliant performances on the Turf have emblazoned the pages of the English Racing Calendars for above a century. Although not a very successful racer himself, yet Hedgford was several times a winner, beating good fields. But it would have been a miracle had he been a distinguished performer, subject as he was to the whims and caprice of the late eccentric, hair-brained JOHN MYTTON, Esq., who ran his horses anywhere and everywhere, in order and out of order, with anything, or for anything, entering one horse without any idea of his winning, merely to cut out work for another, which was often the task allotted to Hedgford, particularly when he and Halston were in the same race. Our readers have read in these columns so many anecdotes of the fool-hardy Mytton—of his reckless disregard of life and limb—of his imminently perilous exploits "by flood and field"—of his wild frolics and midnight orgies, that they will not be surprised his stable rarely turned out a winner; the wonder is, that his horses ever won a race at all. As the sire of race horses, however, Hedgford is destined to occupy a distinguished position among the number of those Stallions imported within the last ten years. His son *Duane*, beyond doubt, has not been equalled in speed and endurance combined, by the son of any imported horse in the country.

Hedgford, foaled in 1825, was got by the celebrated Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie, by Orville. Miss Craigie—bred in 1811 by Maj. Bower, was out of Marchioness, by Lurcher, and she out of Miss Cogden, by Phenomenon—Young Marske—Silvio—Daphne by Regulus—Brandy Nan by Sedbury—Starling—Hutton's Spot's dam, by a son of the Grey Barb—Byerley Turk—Coneyskins—Hautboy, etc.

The produce of Miss Craigie is thus given at page 704 of the "English and American Stud Book:"—

1817. B. f. *Angelica*, by Amadis.	} Major Bower.
1819. B. f. *Miss O'Neill*, by Camillus.	
1821. B. f. by Octavian.	Mr. Allen.
1822. Gr. c. *Androgeus*, by Minos.	Mr. Houldsworth.
1823. B. c. *Don Diego*, by Amadis.	
1824. B. c. *Ellesmere*, by Filho da Puta.	} Mr. Mytton.
1825. Br. c. *Hedgford*, by ditto.	
1827. Br. c. *Birmingham*, by ditto.	
1829. Br. c. *Wolverhampton*, by Abjer.	} Mr. Beardsworth.
1830. Br. c. *Boscobel*, by Chateau Margaux.	Mr. Walker.
1832. —— by Filho.	Mr. Lacey.

Slipped twins by Filho in 1826 and 28, missed to Chateau in 1831. All the foals from 1823, inclusive, were bred by Mr. Lacey.

Thus it will be seen, that Hedgford is own brother to Birmingham, the winner of the great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, in 1830, beating Priam, and twenty-six others, considered the best horse in England, of his year: Birmingham and Priam at that day being the two best in the kingdom.

Filho da Puta, sire of Hedgford, was got by Haphazard, his dam, Mrs. Barnet, by Waxy, son of Pot-ooooooo's, one of the best sons of Eclipse, grandam, by Woodpecker, son of King Herod, great grandam Heinel, by Squirrel, Principessa by Blank, son of the Godolphin Arabian. Filho da Puta is universally allowed to have been one of the best racers of his time; he was foaled in 1812, and was one of the largest class of race-horses, and one of the most favorite and justly celebrated stallions in England, having got upwards of two hundred and forty winners in ten seasons.

In 1815, Filho da Puta won the great Doncaster St. Leger Stakes. A writer in the English Sporting Magazine, for Oct. 1825, whose opinions on Turf matters have great weight, *the Old Forester*, in speaking of Filho da Puta, observes, "the running, too, of the rest of Mrs. Barnet's produce, shows sufficiently there could be no grounds for suspecting a flaw in her pedigree. As to Filho himself, though a horse of great size, (in which his stock greatly resemble him—Elephant, to wit,) he was any thing but a coarse, or vulgar looking animal; and for great speed, combined with stoutness, there is no stallion to whom I would sooner put a mare—all his stock *can run—train on* in general, and can last *four miles*, and heats to boot."

Mr. Scott, in his "British Field Sports," remarks of Filho that, "He was the great kill-devil of the North, where it was reported his speed was equal to that of Eclipse." Filho's color was a brown, with a star, in which respect, as in many others, Hedgford resembles him.

Miss Craigie, (the dam of Hedgford and Birmingham,) was likewise a good runner, as may be seen, by referring to the Racing Calendar, for 1814, and subsequent years, as was also her dam, Marchioness, by Lurcher, son of Dungannon, one of the best sons of Eclipse.

Orville, (sire of Miss Craigie, the dam of Hedgford,) a bay horse, bred by Lord Fitz William, in 1799, was got by Beningbrough, who was out of a King Herod mare, and got by King Fergus, who, by many, was considered the best son of Eclipse. Orville's dam, Evelina, foaled in 1791, was also bred by Lord Fitz William; she was got by the famous Highflyer, out of Termagent by Tantrum—Sampson, Regulus—Marske's dam by Blacklegs. To give a list of the numerous winners, and capital horses of which Orville is the sire, or an account of the different races he himself won, would be extending this article to an unusual length. He was the winner of the principal stakes and races in his day; among others, that of the great St. Leger, at Doncaster, in 1802.—Thus in Filho da Puta, Orville, and Birmingham, we have, in Hedgford's family, and nearly allied to him, a great number of the very best horses that have appeared on the English Turf for the last twenty years.

The editor of the "New York Sporting Magazine," in that work, for March, 1833, in speaking of Hedgford's family, remarks to the following effect:—

"If there is any truism in the old adage, 'like begets like,' we may expect from *Hedgford*, stock, that can '*go the pace*,' as well as the *length*, and I venture to predict, that those who, four years hence, witness some of our principal Colt Stakes run for, will see the produce of Hedgford, first-and-first."

The same writer, "An Old Turfman," in a subsequent number, (for Jan. 1836, page 143,) remarks to the following effect, speaking of Hedgford:—

"The colts of this horse, we are informed, are in appearance very promising; $700 was lately offered, and refused, for a yearling filly, and $1000 refused for a yearling colt. *Hedgford* ought to get good colts, and we, two years ago, predicted that he would, and sound ones too, being by Filho da Puta, (and the only son of *Filho* in America) out of a celebrated Orville mare. The *Orvilles* may be said, and truly, to be the *soundest limbed horses in England*, and the characteristic of the get of *Filho da Puta* is, that they are *stout*, run *distances*, *heats* to boot, and *train on*. It has been set forth by Barrymore, a writer in the Turf Register, as an objection to Hedgford, that he was coarse, and *very large*; true, he is large, and it is rare, indeed, that a large horse is to be met with, having those points and that shape, termed *fine*; we can find numbers of little horses of this description, but it is indeed a difficult task to procure a large one that comes up to the general acceptation of the word *fine*. Great size, however, cannot be an objection, especially in a get of *Filho da Puta*, who was himself nearly seventeen hands high; yet he got more winners than any horse of his time, all large and stout."

Those who may have seen the portrait of Hedgford which appeared in the "Turf Register," and which also was published in the "N. York Sport. Magazine" some years since, will naturally be surprised at the different aspects presented by that engraving and the one now issued. The small picture referred to was "a perfect botch," no more a likeness of Hedgford than it was of the first horse the reader may chance to see. His owners long since had determined to have a correct portrait engraved from a picture known to be a true and impartial likeness; but it was not in their power to accomplish this purpose, in consequence of there being but a single animal painter in the country, and he a long distance from the horse. At length, however, both the artist and his subject found their way to Kentucky, and Mr. TROYE at once received an order to execute a portrait. That he succeeded in obtaining a faithful and striking *likeness*, we were assured by several breeders and turfmen in the West intimately acquainted with the horse; as a *picture*—a work of art—it is probably not excelled by any piece of Troye's we have met with, and we have seen hundreds; indeed, we have hanging in our office nearly twenty of Troye's portraits of horses, cattle, etc., and we have been assured by him that among them are some of the finest specimens of the art he has ever produced. As regards the fidelity with which Mr. HINSHELWOOD has executed his engraving, we can speak in positive terms, as can every one who has compared it with the original. The bold and beautiful relief in which the horse stands out from the picture cannot be excelled, while the burin of this capital artist is also apparent in the clearness of the landscape, and the striking effect and pleasant tone of the engraving.

Hedgford is a rich brown, with no other white than a small star and a delicate spot on his near side. He stands sixteen hands high, and for a horse of his immense strength and substance, has remarkably fine and well-turned limbs. His head is a model of beauty; nothing can be finer than his nostril, eye, and ear. His neck is superbly arched, and comes out well from his shoulders, the blades of which are broad and well inclined; he rises high on the withers, while his chest is so deep and capacious, as to give him great length "through the heart," as it is termed. His barrel is well ribbed home, and the development of the dorsal and lumbar vertebræ of his back and loin indicate great strength. His thigh is long, muscular, and well let down into the gaskin, and his hock particularly well turned. His cannon bones are much shorter than most English horses—a favorite "point" on this side of the Atlantic. His feet are good, and his pasterns of the proper length and obliquity. Altogether, he is a horse of very commanding appearance, combining with good temper and great spirit every indication of high blood in an eminent degree.

We now come to Hedgford's *Performances*. He came out at 3 yrs. old:—

1828. *Chester*, May 5—A Plate of £50 for maiden horses; three yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; Heats, twice round. N.B. The Chester Course is a flat of one mile round.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*, by Filho, out of Miss Craigie, 3 yrs	J. Cheswas.	1	1
Mr. Clifton's b. c. *Silverlock*, 4 yrs		2	2
Mr. Painter's b. g. by Strephon, dam by Camillus, 4 yrs		0	0
Sir T. Stanley's gr. c. by The Marshal, out of Euxton's dam, 3 yrs		0	0
Mr. Giffard's b. c. *Nimrod*, 3 yrs		3	dist.
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. by Filho, out of Eleanor, 3 yrs		0	dist.

Even betting on Silverlock, and after the heat the same on Hedgford.

☞ Where the placing is designated by a cipher, thus (0) the horse was not placed.

——. May 9—The Palatine Stakes of 50 sovereigns each, h. ft.; for three year olds; to start at the Castle Pole, and go once round. The owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. Fourteen subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. *Halston*, by Banker, 8st. 4lb	Whitehouse.	1	
Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*, 8st. 7lb		2	
Sir T. Stanley's b. f. by Tramp, out of General Mina's dam, 8st. 2lb		3	
Mr. Clifton's b. c. *Ollapod*, by Blacklock, out of Dr. Syntax's dam, 8st. 7lb		4	

Seven to four on Halston, and two to one on Mr. Mytton against the field. N.B. Halston and Hedgford belong to the same owner; and Hedgford gives Halston, of the same age, 3lb., and Sir T. Stanley's filly 5lb.

——. *Ludlow*, July 2—The Ludford Stakes of 10 sovereigns each, for three yr. olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Once round and a distance. Nine subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. *Pelion*, by Blacklock, 3 yrs		1	
Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*, 3 yrs		2	
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. h. *Mayfly*, 5 yrs		3	
Mr. Yates' b. f. *Grimalkin*, 3 yrs		0	
Mr. Beardsworth's bl. f. *L'Estelle*, 3 yrs		0	
Mr. Jackson's br. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Loo Choo, 4 yrs		0	

——. The same day—Sweepstakes of 50 sovereigns each, h. ft., for three yr. old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.; those by untried Stallions, or out of untried Mares, allowed 3lb. Once round and a distance. Seven subscribers.

Mr. Bacon's br. c. *Alcaston*, by Filho da Puta	Lear.	1	
Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*		2	
Mr. Yates' b. f. *Grimalkin*		0	
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. *Olympus*		0	

——. *Nottingham*, August 12—A Produce Sweepstakes of 30 guineas each, for three yr. old colts, 8st. 3lb.; and fillies, 8st. Once round and a distance. N.B. This is a round course of one mile, two furlongs, and eleven yards.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. c. *Vanish*, by Phantom	Edwards.	1	
Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*		2	
Mr. Platel's b. f. *Ianthe*, by Cannon Ball, out of Chasm		3	

——. August 13—The Gold Cup, value 100 guineas; the surplus in specie by subscription of 10 guineas each. Two miles and a half. Sixteen subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*, by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb		1	
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. *Joceline*, 4 yrs, 8st		2	
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Scarborough*, 4 yrs, 8st		3	
Mr. Charlton's ch. f. *Camelia*, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb		4	

——. Thursday, 14th—Sweepstakes of 25 guineas each, for three yr. old colts, 8st. 3lb., and fillies, 8st. Once round and a distance. Three subs.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*	walked over.		

——. *Shrewsbury*, Sept. 17—Sweepstakes of 50 sovereigns each, for three yr. olds. Once round and a distance. Six subs.

Mr. Griffith's b. c. *Mosquito*, by Master Henry, 8st. 4lb	Galloway.	1	
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. *Olympus*, 8st. 4lb		2	
Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*, 8st. 7lb		3	

N.B. In this race Hedgford gives the other two 3lb.

——. Tuesday, 18th—The Severn Stakes of 30 sovereigns each, h. ft., for three yr. olds. Once round and a distance. Six subs.

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. *Olympus*, by Blacklock, 8st	Darling.	0	1
Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*, 8st. 3lb		0	2

——. *Holywell Hunt*, Tuesday, Oct. 14—The Chieftain Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three yr. old colts, 8st. 5lb., and fillies 8st. 3lb. The Mostyn Mile.

Mr. Yates' b. c *Frederick*, by Filho da Puta	Spring.	1	
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. *Herbert Lacy*		2	
Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*		3	

——. Thursday, 16th—Handicap of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., for two and three yr. olds. Half a mile. Six subs.

Sir T. Mostyn's *Ultimatum*, by Teniers, 3 yrs, 9st	Chapple.	1	
Lord Grosvenor's *Olympus*, 3 yrs, 9st		2	
Sir T. Stanley's br. c. by Filho da Puta, out of Maid of Milan, 3 yrs, 8st. 6lb		3	
Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*, 3 yrs, 8st. 13lb		4	
Sir W. Wynn's ch. c. by Piscator, dam by Comus, 2 yrs, 6st. 12lb		5	

1829. *Chester*, May 4—The Treasurer's Cup 100 guineas, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. To start at the Castle Pole, run twice round and in. (Nine subs. paid 10 sovs. ft., and seven paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. *Halston*, by Banker, 4 yrs, 8st	Templeman.	1	
Mr. Saunder's b. m. *Sarah*, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb		2	
Mr. Clifton's b. h. *Fylde*, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb		0	
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. h. *Mayfly*, 6 yrs, 8st. 7lb		0	
Lord Grosvenor's b. h. *Mavrocordato*, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb		0	
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. *Terror*, 4 yrs, 8st		0	
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. *Pelion*, 4 yrs, 8st		0	
Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb		0	
Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. *Big Ben*, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb		0	
Mr. R. Turner's b. c. *Clinton*, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb		0	

Three to one against Fylde—four to one against Sarah and Terror—five to one against Halston.

——. Tuesday, May 5—The City Members' Plate of 60 guineas, for three yr. old colts, 6st. 8lb., and fillies 6st. 6lb.; four yr. olds, 8st 4lb., and fillies 8st. 11b. Two mile heats.

Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs	Whitehouse.	1	3	1
Mr. Massey's ch. f. *Mermaid*, 4 yrs		0	1	3
Sir W. Wynn's ch. c. *Stapely*, 4 yrs		2	2	2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Master Henry, out of Lady Caroline, 4 yrs		0	4	dr
Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. c. by The Grand Duke, out of Mayfly's dam, 3 yrs		0	0	dr

——. *Liverpool Spring Meeting*—The Tradesmen's Cup, value 100 sovereigns, with 100 sovereigns in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstake of 15 sovereigns each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared on or before the 1st of April; the owner of the second horse received back his stake. Two miles and a distance.

Mr. Johnson's ch. h. *Jupiter*, by Tramp, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb	G. Nelson.	1	
Duke of Leeds' ch. f. *Jenny Mills*, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb		2	
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. *Olympus*, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb		3	
Mr. Clifton's *Poor Fellow*, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb		4	
Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. *Grenadier*, aged, 8st. 10lb		0	
Mr. Sympson's b. h. y. *Comus*, 6 yrs, 8st. 9lb		0	
Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb		0	

Eight subscribers paid 10 sovs. forfeit, and five paid 5 sovs. each.

——. *Cheltenham*, Tuesday, July 21—The Gloucester Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c.; the owner of the second horse received back his stake. 38 subs., 14 of whom declared, &c. Two miles.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. *Mayfly*, by Piscator, 6 yrs, 8st. 11lb	Templeman.	1	
Mr. Day's b. h. *Haji Baba*, aged, 8st. 8lb		2	
Mr. Sadler's br. g. *Jocko*, 6 yrs, 8st. 8lb		0	
Mr. Tome's br. c. *Foxcote*, 3 yrs, 6st. 8lb		0	
Mr. Griffith's b. c. *Mosquito*, 4 yrs, 8st		0	
Mr. Payne's br. c. *Alcaston*, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb		0	
Mr. Peel's b. m. *Little Bo-peep*, 6 yrs, 8st. 7lb		0	
Mr. Rawlinson's ch. f. *Ruby*, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb		0	
Mr. Radcliff's b. h *Lawrence*, 6 yrs, 8st. 3lb		0	
Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*, 4 yrs, 8st		0	

Five to two against Mayfly, four to one against Haji Baba, and five to one against Alcaston.

——. *Warwick*, Wednesday, Sept. 2—The Leamington Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 100 added by the town of Leamington. Two miles. 38 subs., 19 of whom paid 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Saunder's b. m. *Sarah*, by Whisker, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb	Darling.	1	
Mr. Saddler's br. g. *Jocko*, 6 yrs, 8st. 8lb		2	
Mr. J. Day's b. g. *Liston*, aged, 9st. 11lb		3	
Mr. Gleave's b. g. *Miller of Mansfield*, aged, 8st. 7lb		0	
Mr. Giffard's b. h. *The Weaver*, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb		0	
Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb		0	
Sir T. Stanley's br. f. by Tramp, out of General Mina's dam, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb		0	
Mr. Dilley's b. c. *Windrush*, 3 yrs, 7st		0	
Mr. Tome's b. c. *Foxcote*, 3 yrs, 6st		0	

——. *Wrexham*, Sept. 30—Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft, if declared, &c., with 20 added. Two mile heats. Eight subs., four of whom declared ft.

Major Ormsby Gore's b. h. *Hesperus*, aged, 9st. 4lb	Darling.	4	1	1
Sir W. Wynn's b. m. *Effie*, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb		1	4	2
Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb		3	3	3
Mr. Turner's b. c *Navarino*, 3 yrs, 7st. 9lb		2	2	dr

——. *Oswestry*, Sept 21—A Cup, value 50 sovs., the gift of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., added to a Handicap Stake of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft, if declared, &c. One mile and a half. Six subs., two of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. *Pelion*, by Blacklock, 4 yrs, 8st	Spring.	1	
Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. *Hesperus*, aged, 8st. 7lb		2	
Mr. Mytton's br. c. *Hedgford*, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb		3	

1830. *Chester*, May 7—The Cheshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. Two miles. The owner of the second horse received back his stake. 16 subs., 6 of whom paid only 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Mytton's br. h. *Hedgford*, by Filho, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb	Whitehouse.	1	
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. *Joceline*, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb		2	
Sir J. Mostyn's ch. g. *Ultimatum*, 5 yrs. 8st, 1 lb		0	
Mr. Turner's b. c. *Navarino*, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb		0	

——. *Liverpool Spring Meeting, Moghull Course*, May 12—The Tradesmen's Cup of 200 sovs in specie, added to a Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. Twice round and a distance. 39 subs., 11 of whom having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid only 5 sovs. each. The owner of the second horse received 40 sovs. out of the stakes.

Mr. Howel's b. h. by Walton, d. by Election out of Fair Helen, 5 yrs, 8st. 3lb.	Johnson.	1	
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. g. *Mona's Pride*, 4 yrs, 8st. 1lb		2	
Mr. Clifton's br. c. *Lely*, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb		3	
Mr. Mytton's br. h. *Hedgford*, 5 yrs. 8st. 3lb		4	
Mr. Clifton's b. h. *Fylde*, 6 yrs, 9st		0	
Mr. Healey's b. c. *Flambeau*, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb		0	
Mr. Legrew's *Tip*, 3 yrs, 6st. 2lb		0	

——. *Newton*, June 11—A Plate of £70, the gift of T. Alcock, Esq., M.P., for all ages. Two mile heats.

Mr. J. Scott's *Woodenblock*, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb	T. Lye.	3	1	1
Mr. Mytton's br. h. *Hedgford*, 5 yrs, 8st. 11 lb		1	2	2
Mr. W. Scott's b. c. *Pedestrian*, 3 yrs, 6st. 13lb. short weight		2	dist.	

——. *Newcastle—Staffordshire*, June 30—A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 40 added, for all ages. Three miles. Eight subs.

Mr. Mytton's br. h. *Hedgford*, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb	Whitehouse.	1	
Sir W. Wynn's *Courtier*, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb		2	
Mr. Neville's b. c. *Sandoval*, 4 yrs, 8st		3	
Mr. Jackson's b. c. *Hazard*, 4 yrs, 8st		4	

——. *Worcester*, Tuesday, August 10—The Worcester Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., and only 5 sovs. if declared, &c., with 20 added. Two miles. One subscriber paid h. ft., and one only 5 sovs.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. *Independence*, by Filho or Sherwood, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb	Spring.	1	
Mr. Davis' ch. h. *Villager*, 5 yrs, 7st. 12lb		2	
Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. *Hesperus*, aged, 9st		3	
Mr. Mytton's br. h. *Hedgford*, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb		0	
Mr. Thorn's b. m. *Maid of Mansfield*, aged, 8st. 6lb		0	

——. Wednesday, August 11—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three yr. olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, 8st. 13lb.; and aged, 9st. 11b.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Two miles. Four subs.

Mr. Davis' *Villager*, 5 yrs	Conelly.	1	
Mr. Mytton's br. h. *Hedgford*, 5 yrs		2	
Mr. Thorne's *Maid of Mansfield*, aged		3	

——. *Wolverhampton*, August 16—The Tradesmen's Purse of 100 sovs, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c. Twice round and a distance. Nine subs. paid 15 sovs. ft., and seven paid only 5 sovs.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. *Independence*, by Filho or Sherwood, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.	Templeman.	1	
Mr. Yates' b. h. *Frederick*, 5 yrs, 8st. 1 lb		2	
Mr. Applewait's ch. c. *Zodiac*, 4 yrs, 8st. 1 lb		3	
Mr. Mytton's br. h. *Hedgford*, 5 yrs, 7st. 5lb		4	
Mr. White's br. h. *Euxton*, aged, 9st. 4lb		5	

N. B. The Wolverhampton Course is of an oval shape, a mile and a quarter; the run in is straight; and the T. Y. C. (the Year Old Course) a straight half mile.

——. *Wrexham*, October 6—A Plate of £50, for all ages. Two mile heats.

Mr. Mytton's br. h. *Hedgford*, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs		1	1
Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. *Sprig*, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb		2	2
Sir W. Wynn's b. m. *Effie*, 6 yrs, 8st. 9lb		0	3
Mr. Thompson's b. f. by Master Henry, out of Armida, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb		0	4
Mr. Griffith's ch. f. by Grand Duke, 3 yrs, 7st		0	0
Mr. Paulin's b. c. *Rolla*, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb		0	0
Mr. F. R. Price's *Lady Bird*, 3 yrs, 6st. 11 lb (carried 7st. 2lb.)		3	dr

1831. *Worcester*, August 9—The Worcester Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 20 added, one mile and a quarter. 16 subs., six of whom paid 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Chapman's br. c. *The Cardinal*, by Waxy Pope, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb	Wright.	1	
Mr. E. Griffith's b. c. *Thorngrove*, 4 yrs, 7st. 11 lb		2	
Mr. Bristow's br. h. *Dr. Faustus*, aged, 9st		3	
Mr. Beardsworth's br. h. *Hedgford*, 6 yrs, 8st. 13lb		4	
Mr. J. Day's b. g. *Fontoccino*, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb		0	
Mr. Lewis' b. m. *Garlick*, 5 yrs, 8st		0	
Mr. Thorne's b. g. *Harry*, 4 yrs, 7st. 2lb		0	
Lord Warwick's b. f. *Water Witch*, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb		0	

——. August 10—The City Member's Plate of £25, added to a Handicap Stake of 5 sovs. each. Two mile heats.

Mr. E. Griffith's b. c. *Thorngrove*, by Smolensko, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb	Brown.	4	1	1
Mr. Reeve's b. m. *Flora*, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb		1	2	2
Mr. Beardsworth's br. h. *Hedgford*, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb		2	3	dr
Mr. Thorne's b. g. *Harry*, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb		3	0	dr
Mr. Patrick's f. by Manfred, 3 yrs, 5st. 10lb. (fell)		dist.		

——. *Stourbridge*, August 30—Town Plate of £50, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for three yr. olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.; a winner once this year to carry 3lb., twice 6lb., and thrice 8lb. extra; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Two mile heats.

Mr. Charlton's ch. m. *Kalmid*, by Magistrate, 5 yrs	Arthur.	1	1	
Mr. Beardsworth's br. h. *Hedgford*, 6 yrs		3	2	
Mr. Painter's b. g. *Russell*, 6 yrs		2	dr	

It will be seen that Hedgford was frequently out, and more than once ran two races on the same day. When the circumstances under which he ran are taken into consideration, it must be allowed that he proved himself a very respectable performer.

Soon after his race at Stourbridge, he was purchased by the late Mr. WILLIAM JACKSON, of this city, and in company with *Autocrat*, was imported in the ship "Washington," Capt. Thompson, and landed here on the 8th of Sept., 1832

Hedgford made his first two seasons in this country near Boydton, Va., under the direction of the late Col. JOHN C. GOODE, but owing to a very serious injury received during his passage, his condition was bad and he did not cover over half a dozen thorough-bred mares. These produced a Duane, a Molly Ward, and Ibarrah. That Goodloe Washington was bred to him was entirely accidental; she was but 3 yrs. old, and instead of being sent over to Mr. Goode's to be bred to Hedgford, Maj. GREEN was desirous that Mr. G. should put her in training. Mr. Goode's trainer having just left him, Maj. G. was induced to breed his filly to Hedgford, and the produce was *Duane*, one of the very best four mile horses of his day. Hedgford, in his second season, had to encounter the rivalry of the imported horses *Fylde* and *Luzborough*, in his immediate neighborhood, and also to contend against the effect of a great number of publications prejudicial to his interests. Page after page, and column after column, of abuse and villification was directed against him, so that with the exception of three or four mares of Col. Goode's, we are not aware that he covered any others that were thorough-bred.

In 1835-6, he stood at Augusta, Ga., under the management of Col. Jos. H. TOWNES. At that time there were very few thorough-bred mares in that State, and we are assured he did not serve over ten or twelve either season, and of these, several lost their foals. His 5th season was at Mr. WM. R. SMITH'S, in Laurens Dist., S. C., where he had not half a chance, owing to the scarcity of thorough-bred mares. The last two seasons he has stood in Kentucky, where he may be said to have had, for the first time, a fair chance of doing justice to himself, having been knocked about from pillar to post, ever since his arrival in the country. His principal owner, Col. Townes, has been so much engaged in other pursuits, in a distant State, as to have had no leisure to look after his interests, while he has in a great measure abstained from noticing the thousand unfounded and invidious reports circulated in relation to him by interested individuals. That Hedgford's chance has been miserably poor, is unquestionable, yet from almost every thorough-bred mare sent to him, he has got a race-horse at some distance. Mr. MCCARGO, of Virginia, the well known and distinguished turfman, has tried many of his colts, and pronounces them from all sorts of mares, the most sure to run of any other horse he is acquainted with. He says his stock are remarkable for their hardiness, and fine turn of speed; that they are easily trained, have fine health, and almost invariably good dispositions. His yearlings, and two year olds, though not numerous, are said to be very bloodlike and handsome, and we make no doubt, that patronized as he is by the breeders of Kentucky, his stock will turn out second to none in the possession of all those qualities so essential to "The High Mettled Racer." He stands the ensuing season at the stable of Mr. GEORGE E. BLACKBURN, in Franklin County, Ky., seven miles from Frankfort, at $100.

MY FIRST HUNT.

"How doth it with awakening spell
Unlock the springs of memory's cell,
How flashes on its arrowy track
The sunny light of childhood back."—MRS. RICHARDSON.

There is something of an indescribably mournful pleasure in reverting to the days of our boyhood. When compared with those of manhood, they seem happy hours gone by, the like of which can never beam upon you again. Cramped by the usages and etiquette of society, and harrassed by the cares and speculations of business, one is wont to wish for the return of the times when one could box a "cosey" fellow's ears, or bolster him out of your room at night without fear of pistol-bullets and seconds, and when all one's speculations and bargainings were confined to the pastry-cooks and the bat-makers. The lawyer at Westminster Hall may think of the time when he pleaded his case before the head master, the defendant in a complaint brought by the tutor for "giving mouth" during school hours: the crack Turfman may think of the first races, by "subscription of one shilling each," that he ran in the school-field; and the six-days-a-week Meltonian may think with equal pleasure of "My First Hunt."

It was on a fine morning towards the latter end of December, 18—, that that memorable event in my life came off. I had only returned from school a few days before, and consequently, during the latter part of my stay there, I had thought much more about fox-hunting than Livy and Euripides. My hunting hitherto had been entirely in the cat line, five or six of which unfortunate creatures I used to contrive, with the aid of an old ginger-colored terrier, to "run in to" every holiday, in spite of the awful penalty of forty shillings laid down by the law of the realm. The weather was fine, but somewhat frosty, and although I argued to myself, as I thought on very just grounds, that my pony would be able to gallop and leap with much more elasticity if the ground was hard instead of muddy, I had a sort of gloomy presentiment that the contrary was the case. "No hunting for you, Master Henry, in the morning," exclaimed the old groom, as I entered the stable about nine o'clock on the previous evening to take a survey of my pony, curb-bit, &c.: "it's freezing hard; the hounds will never meet in such a frost."—"You're a fool!" thought I, and I believe, not being very particular about my manners at that time, I said so too; and with a full persuasion of the truth of my assertion, I bounced out of the stable, and proceeded to the drawing-room to lecture my mother and the governess, who happened to be sitting with her, for about the hundred and fifuieth time, about the exploits of to-morrow. "Well, don't tumble off," said my mother, as I bade her good night, and dragged the poor governess up stairs to sew a black ribbon to my hat-lining, to ensure its not dissolving partnership with me during the run.

To go to sleep on such a night was quite out of the question. Suppose the servant forgot to call me, and I overslept myself, and the hounds should go without me (a most likely thing, seeing they met at half-past ten and the fixture was only two miles off,) darted across my mind, and banished all sleepy ideas. The frost was a dreadful source of uneasiness, and, with a natural desire to have accurate information on that point, I placed a basin of water outside my window, and jumped out of bed every ten minutes or so to feel if there was any ice on it, agitating it to such a degree each time in my anxiety, that if it had wished to freeze it could hardly have found it convenient to do so. After repeating this process several times, I at last fell asleep, and as a matter of course was immediately engaged in a desperate fox-chase, which, after a duration of eight hours, and *just* as the fox was going to be killed, was interrupted by the footman who came to call me. "Is it frosty?" I eagerly inquired—"As hard as a stone," was the answer. A sort of cold sweat came over me; I, however, jumped out of bed, and to my inexpressible relief all the frost had disappeared. "This'll do," thought I, as I pulled on my stockings, and at the same time relieved my feelings by discharging a couple of pillows at the footman's head as he quitted the room.

My dress on that occasion was exceedingly characteristic. I had rummaged my green jacket out of the drawers, because I knew that hare-hunters always dressed in green, and that consequently it would look more sporting. My trowsers were white corduroys, upon which I especially prided myself, as I argued that when I grew up to top-boots estate they could easily be converted into smalls My mother had objected to my wearing them because they were "too cold;" and the governess, because the laundry-maid would have "such trouble in washing them;" but I triumphantly carried the point, as far as my mother was concerned, by assuring her that all my other trowsers would rub through at the knee with riding; and soon stopped the latter young lady's "jaw," by politely requesting her to go and hang herself in company with the laundry-maid; whereat, she being, as her advertisement set forth, a "*young* lady (two-and-thirty at least) of a serious turn of mind," held up her hands, and declared that "those schools were really dreadful places for morals, and that really boys were so rough!"

Having finished dressing, I marched down stairs, and succeeded, with the assistance of the servant, in buckling on a large pair of spurs, which, however, I always persisted in terming "*persuaders*," having got hold of the word in some sporting book or other. Thus accoutred, I marched into the school-room for the express purpose of shewing myself to my little brothers and sisters, in pursuance of a solemn promise which I had made them to that effect before they went to bed.

Having eaten a very scanty breakfast, from the idea that it would make me too heavy, I made my way to the stable, and after a good many preliminaries I got mounted. "Mind you get the brush," suggested the groom; while the old coachman, who always took a pleasure in teasing me, made some indistinct reference to a tailor; and, being fully impressed with the idea that the remark was connected with my corduroy trowsers and nothing else, I rode out of the yard in a very good humor with myself, and to the inexpressible delight of my little brothers and sisters who were with the governess looking out of the school-room window.

The road leading to the "meet" was very full of people, who in their turn seemed very full of the hunt, as they were talking about nothing else than the "grand leaps" Mr. So-and-So's horse had taken, and the number of times they had "see'd the fox" when the hounds were last out—the last feat being the climax of hunting according to a country clodpole's ideas The first one who accosted me was the shoemaker of the village, who was running along panting and puffing to be in time for the "throw off." Go to what village you will, you will always find that the most sporting person in it is the shoemaker. If there is a hunt within five miles of him, the shoemaker is sure to be there: if there is a pigeon-match, the shoemaker is certain to be one of the competitors: if you want any information about streams and baits, you must apply to the shoemaker: if there is an otter or badger hunt, or greyhound match, or a dog trail in the vicinity, or in short any spree of any kind, the shoemaker is sure to be in the midst of it all. Sporting sweeps are said to hunt with "the Duke," but where there is one sporting sweep there are a hundred sporting shoemakers. While the shoemaker aforesaid was enlightening me upon all the runs he had seen, a gentleman in scarlet rode up, and, as I happened to be acquainted with him, we rode on together, and I amused myself with taking all the small ditches and gutters in my line, till we arrived at a village, where we found the hounds with about forty or fifty gentlemen upon the green.

"What young lad's that you've there?" said a stout gentleman to my friend in scarlet, after the customary salutions.—"Oh, just a young-'un of ——'s," he replied, greatly to my annoyance, as it is not the pleasantest thing in the world, when you have just begun to fancy yourself something, to be called a "young-'un," especially amongst a large crowd of gentlemen. "Mind you don't tumble off, young-'un," said the stout gentleman.—"It's not very likely," I rejoined, with an air of offended dignity, which must have been highly amusing, seeing that several gentlemen near laughed very heartily.

After a little more of this cross-examination, orders were given to move on for covert, and the whole cavalcade immediately struck into a narrow lane; and as I natutally had a desire, like most Sportsmen, to be "with the hounds," I rode close behind the huntsman, and unfortunately my pony trod upon one of the hounds who happened to stop on the road suddenly.

"What are you riding among the hounds there!" bellowed the huntsman, as it set up a loud yelp and limped on to its companions. I fairly shrunk in my corduroys as I pulled my pony back, and contented myself with thinking all the way to the covert what an ill-tempered man the huntsman was. The hounds were now thrown into a sort of a gorse glen, and while they were drawing it, I amused myself with galloping up and down the field, for the purpose, I suppose, of giving my pony wind. Having drawn the gorse blank, we trotted on to a large wood at some distance. The huntsman soon got his hounds in, and when I heard him cheering them in the wood, I thought I might as well do something of the same kind; and as I heard him using some unknown language, which I concluded must be a repetition of tally-ho's, that being the only hunting term I was acquainted with, I galloped on, shouting "Tally-ho!" with all my might. In a few minutes several hounds came towards me, evidently in want of some information, and while I was wondering what they could be doing, the huntsman galloped up to me: "Did you shout tally-ho?" he thundered out. "*You* did it," was my innocent reply.—"Let me catch you doing it again," he added, at the same time elevating his whip. With a benediction he left me, and I rode out of the wood in by no means the best of humors.

As I rode along the road to rejoin my companions, the fox bounced through the hedge right under my pony's nose, and away in the next field: in a few minutes the hounds came past in full cry, and I felt my spirits revive as I galloped down the road amidst the eager crowd of scarlets. After going down the road, we struck into a common, and viewed the hounds, who had made a circuit, with bristles up sweeping away about four hundred yards in front. The first obstacle that presented itself was a low stone wall, which all the gentlemen took, and, nothing daunted, I put my pony at it; but it was no go, as he only got his feet on the wall, and, in spite of all my whip and spur he strenuously refused to bring his hind ones over. After a few minutes' delay I found a gap, that some snobs had broken down, which, with a little floundering, I contrived to get over. But greater troubles were still to come, as about half a mile further on a low flight of rails presented themselves. I reined up my pony on coming to them, and requested a man who was passing to pull one down. "Pull 'em down yersell," he growled out, and passed on. My fortitude was severely tried, but as I was never wanting in pluck, I turned my pony round and sent him at them, and in a moment the pony and myself were lying in the next field in company with a couple of broken rails, but luckily no broken bones. This damped my ardor in a great measure: however, I pushed my pony across the next field in very fair style, considering he went fetlock deep every stroke. When I was about the middle, I heard a gruff shout of "What the devil are you riding over my seeds for?" and in a moment or so the pony was stopped (apparently greatly to *its* satisfaction) by a huge farmer.—"What the devil are you doing here?" he repeated, at the same time giving additional force to his interrogation by giving my coat-collar a good wrench. "I am going after the fox," was my innocent reply.—"I'll fox you if you come here again," he responded; and assuring me that the next time "he'd have me afore the Pollish Office, he led me out of the field, bestowing a hearty slap on my pony's hind-quarters by way of farewell.

This quite stopped all thoughts of field larking, and I accordingly rode up and down lanes and through unknown villages for the remainder of the afternoon in hopes of still seeing something of them. "Where's the fox?" I asked of a man who I met upon the road. "Fox!" said the man with a broad grin; "you mun look down the hounds' bellies for him I reckon; I seed him kilt two hours syn." On hearing this intelligence I turned my pony's head homewards, and after innumerable inquiries I found my way there.

I had been very dull the greater part of the way, but as I entered the village my spirits rose again, and I remembered I *had* taken some leaps which I might speak of. "Why you look like a riglar mud-larker," said the old coachman, as he caught a glimpse of my white trowsers, which were now regular brown-piebald, brown of course predominating. Without deigning to reply, I immediately darted into the house, and having divested myself of my piebalds, I made my way to the drawing-room; and the consequence was that my mother and the governess both retired to bed half an hour earlier than usual in company with headaches, which were declared to be solely attributable to the recital of MY FIRST HUNT.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine. COLONEL CHASSE.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES

OF MR. DENNY, OF EGMERE.

The father of Mr. Denny was a thorough sportsman, as well as a desperate rider, and continued so to a very late period of his existence, having at the age of 82 years been up at the death of a fox.

Mr. Denny, the subject of the present sketch was introduced to the hunting-field by his father, at the early age of seven years, being mounted behind him—Mr. D. having a girdle round his waist for him to hold on by; he then witnessed a fine run, in which many severe leaps were taken and gates cleared, and was up at the death of the fox, which is 70 years since. At nine years old Mr. D. was allowed to ride alone, and at the age of 14, his father being a great breeder of horses, he had the training of all the young hunters, and there being at that time four or five packs of hounds kept in the neighborhood, he hunted regularly four or five days a week. Mr. Denny's juvenile courage as a horseman, was only equalled by his skill as a marksman. At fifteen years of age he killed a white partridge upon the estate of Mr. Acland, near Yarmouth, at a great distance, which was preserved, and is still kept in the family and highly valued. For a small bet with his brother, that he would kill the first 35 single shots at partridges, he bagged the first 35 out of 36 with a strange gun, and killed a brace of woodcocks flying, at one shot.

As a proof of Mr. D.'s superior skill in matters relating to the chase, a very remarkable circumstance occurred, when hunting with Mr. Freestone's hounds. Meeting at Tindal wood, a cover of upwards of 100 acres, near Bungay, the hounds on drawing the cover, not being able to find a fox, Mr. D offered a bet of £5 that if the company would remain quiet, he would find a fox himself and whip him out if not headed, which singular feat he performed in less than a quarter of an hour, in the presence of many gentlemen, and had a splendid run with him. From that time the huntsmen and sportsmen were in the habit of looking up to him for assistance, and have many times had the pleasure of a fine run through Mr. D.'s skill and penetration when the hounds were at fault.—Once in particular, being out with Mr. Coke's hounds, when they could not find, and as late as three o'clock in the afternoon, he took them across the country six miles, found a leash of foxes in a gorse bush, which the hounds had missed in the morning. Lord Sondes and Sir Jacob Astley witnessed the following instance in a field of wheat of 50 acres, at Wighton: he found a fox, and left him on his kennel, till the gentlemen came with the pack and put him up. He proved a fine fox, and beat the hounds. It is a fact worthy of remark, that in the whole of his long sporting career, he never had the misfortune to lame a horse, or meet with an accident himself, though he always rode close up to the hounds.

Mr. Denny has been much attached to coursing, as well as hunting and shooting, and has possessed an extremely fine breed of greyhounds, and few, if any, were better acquainted with the habits of the hare; indeed he could discern the traces of hares where almost every other sportsman could discover no such appearances.

Some very singular instances of Mr. D.'s extreme quickness of eye and steadiness of hand are related. Being coursing with a party of friends, a woodcock being marked by the side of a wood, Mr. D. said he could kill it with his riding-stick. One gentleman bet him ten guineas to one, and six other gentlemen of the party one guinea each; one of the party whipped the bird up, when Mr. D. threw his stick, and killed the woodcock at fifteen yards distance, to the great surprise and astonishment of the whole party. Some years after, being one of a farming party of Mr. Coke's, (now the Earl of Leicester) his lordship having heard the anecdote, was jesting with Mr. D. about it, doubting the possibility of doing it with any certainty. Being at the time passing down one of the rides, Mr. D. rode a few paces in front of the party, observed a wood-pigeon crossing the ride, he threw his stick and killed the pigeon, at a distance not less than twelve yards, removing at once all doubt as to the precision of his aim.

It is not as a sportsman alone that Mr. D. stands conspicuous. For superior skill as a practical agriculturist, and an improver of the breed of cattle, few men have been more successful, having brought, by skilful management, several breeds of cattle to the highest state of perfection; his present breed of Devon Cattle are not excelled in any part of the country, and have been purchased by distinguished individuals, desirous of possessing the breed in such perfection in France, Germany, Denmark, America, and other parts of the world. Mr. D. is now engaged in improving the original breed of Norfolk sheep, and though it is only three years since he commenced the trial, yet so great an improvement has taken place in his flock in their anatomical symmetry, aptitude to fatten, and other defective points in that breed, as to give Mr. D. the greatest confidence that if he is permitted to enjoy his health for a few years, they will become very superior.

London Sportsman.

THE MARQUIS DE LAS MARISMAS.

The Marquis de las Marismas's gallery of pictures has now obtained a European name; his mansion is a museum which will soon be as famous as the most celebrated palaces of Rome, Genoa, Venice, and Florence. Let us do justice to the wealthy Spanish banker who has had the generous idea of ornamenting his residence with some twenty-four thousand pounds' worth of *chef d'œuvres* of the Spanish school, and who, on becoming Marquis de las Marismas, has had the good taste to cast off the jobber and play the Mecænas. He has, at least, a proper notion of the use of fortune, however acquired. Such whims of art seldom enter the heads of Bourse-men, who are much better acquainted with stockbrokers than with the great Spanish masters and value more a *coupon de rente* than an original Murillo or Velasquez. M. Rothschild has made himself a *renaissance* palace, with water-color paintings, pasteboard-stone sculptures, paste ornaments, and massive gold gildings. M. Aguado understands his duty as a *millionnaire* otherwise. He will compose a gallery of *chef d'œuvres*, where all the schools of Spain are represented by their greatest masters. He will pay 30,000 francs for a marble of Canova, and prop the Grand Opera with 300,000 francs, and the Italian Theatre with as much. Surely he is a Turcaret of a very noble species, and we must own that Samuel Bernard, who lent some millions to M. de Charmilliod; Lapopeliniere, who spent 300,000 francs a year to have his pieces played; M. de Laborde, who had his music and songs published with more splendor than Cardinal Richelieu had his tragedies; and Bourat, who ruined himself to give a *déjeuner* to Louis XV. in the forest of Senart, made not a nobler use of their money. A *financier* such as M. Aguado deserves to be Spanish Marquis, and the Marquis de las Marismas will do more honor to Spain than the Duke of Victory and the Count de Toreno. Our most celebrated artists are employed in engraving the *chef d'œuvres* of the Aguado Gallery, and the artist who superintends the description of the Versailles Museum also superintends that of the Spanish bankers' gallery. Louis Philippe and the Marquis de las Marismas will go down to posterity under the same envelope. The Aguado Gallery also wanted an historian, and it has found one in M. Viardot. In the handsome volume he has just put forth he makes us acquainted with the fine and vigorous schools of painting of the Spain of Charles V., and all the Kings of the Austrian branch, which for two centuries together enriched with their admirable productions the Escurial, Aranjuez, Buen-Retiro, the Madrid Palace, and concealed so many *chef d'œuvres* in those convents and churches, where Marshal Soult so felicitously discovered them, from Barcelona to Cadiz, and from Saragossa to Seville.

Paris Print.

THE MOUNTED ACADEMICIAN.

There is (grim reader) in the Queen's collection a picture, having for its subject the entrance of the (now) Duke of Wellington into Madrid; and to this picture there appends a brief tale, told by the painter himself, sometimes in glee, but more frequently with feelings of another tone. Ye of the art have already divined the man of whom we speak; it is indeed he who boasts of never having painted portraits—portraits for money; who sticks to history, and will die by history, for in this pursuit his green leaves have long since fallen around him, and even while they were yet green, he knew that in England there was no countenance for historical painters.

With the Academician (for such the painter is) it was a principal object in this picture to mount the conqueror on a horse worthy of a victor in many battles, and an animal was at length procured full of blood and mettle, a legitimate slip of the race of caliphs; in short, a horse well known to the people of the turf as one of the best that ever ran before a tail. Our Academician put him into the picture, the horse and the rider worthy of each other—a brace of winners.

While the picture was in progress, one of the artist's friends called upon him, and being well mounted, proposed they should ride together. An artist rarely manages a horse well except upon canvass; but in his simplicity of character Mr. —— assented, and mounted the race horse in question. If we remember aright, the Uxbridge-road was the scene of this adventure; but long before the friends had reached the end of Oxford-street the artist began to complain of the insecurity of his seat. The horse, on seeing the open road before him, snorted his pleasure aloud, and swung out his free and graceful limbs into a trot. The A. R. A. tried to give a firmer seat to his vacillating hat, in doing which he looked anxiously round, for his friend was already behind him.

"For God's sake," he cried, "come and stop this horse, or he'll break my neck!"

"Do you call that riding?" answered the other; "pull him up at once, and hold on firmly with your legs."

These, however, were feats which the artist could not accomplish, and his friend essayed in vain to come up with him, for the racer would suffer no approach, each attempt at which served only to increase his speed; and away they went, man and horse, the former toiling and fretting from side to side in his endeavors to distribute himself into something like equilibrium, and soon the Adademician was lost to the sight of his friend and follower.

The latter, with the hope of at least recovering the body of the Academician, continued the pursuit at no ordinary pace, until the turnpike compelled him to reduce his rate of speed, for the purpose of paying the gate.

"Have you seen a gentleman on horseback pass this way?" inquired the barrister, for such was the artist's friend.

"Yes," answered the man, "I saw his back, as I have often seen it before—what, are *you* after him—has he cheated you too? That's the thief that's done me a dozen times in the fortnight; I wish he may——"

Of the irate gate-keeper's reply the galloping lawyer heard no more than something about "thundering neck," and what seemed to him to be a running fire of the bitterest execrations ever invoked on a hapless wretch.

At every turn of the road the Academician's *fidas Achates* looked for a bleeding corpse, and pushing onward until met by a party of grooms, who were exercising their horses; of them also he inquired the fate of his friend.

"Did we see him?" cried one; "did'nt we both see him and hear him? He's gone down the road as if riding for the cup; he shouted to us half a mile a-head to clear the course, and went bellowing past like a Tom-a-bedlam, doing a mile a minute."

"Ay," said another, "I know that horse well—it's young Thunder, the Meteor mare's colt by Lightning, the winner of the Derby."

The barrister pushed on, addressing inquiries to those he met, all of whom had seen the flying Academician. Having passed some time in pursuit, he at length descried the artist seated on a heap of stones, and the horse tied to a gate.

"My dear ——," exclaimed the lawyer, riding up to him breathless, and with a face of concern, "I hope you are not much hurt?"

"No, not at all, answered the Academician.

"I was much afraid, do you know——"

"Know?—yes, I *do* know!" hastily interrupted the painter, "I know one thing, which I have learnt since I have been on that brute's back."

"What may that be?" asked Mr. ——.

"It is," answered the other, "that his cursed neck is much longer than I have painted it—I must immediately go home and correct this."

In an hour after the Academician was at his easel, and the drawing of the horse's neck was corrected; but he never ventured to mount him again.

OLD IRONSIDES IN A QUANDARY.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

Evening was slowly wrapping in her dusky mantle the Fortress Rock of Gibraltar, as the frigate Constitution under royals, glided around Europa point and squared her yards for the Balcaric Isles.

It was the 12th of September, 1835, the breeze was favorable, and the harvest-moon rode up the azure sky in matchless splendor. The breeze gradually freshened as the night passed on, until at last it became necessary to reduce sail, not only to save spars, but to prevent the possibility of running over the little island of Alboran, which is situated midway between the shores of Spain and Barbary.

At midnight, by the master's reckoning, the old ship was near the almost sunken isle, and a sharp look-out was kept by the watch for breakers on the lee-bow. Silence reigned throughout the ship, the sails that remained upon her, drew sweetly, the billows curled in gentle murmurs around her bows, and passed off in a frothy sheet behind.

"Sail O!" cried a voice from the forcastle.

"Where away?" thundered the officer of the deck.

"Dead ahead," was the reply.

"How does she steer?" cried the officer.

"For our bows, sir," answered the forcastleman, all was silent—we were directly under the moon, and from the course the stranger sail pursued, it was apparent that we were not perceived. As we were the largest ship, and a man-of-war, and had our starboard tacks aboard, it was proper for us to hold on our course, and for the stranger to give way, but this the brig, for such she was now perceived to be, had no idea of doing. At length she saw us, but still onward she came, as though desirous to go down to the caves of the sea as quick as possible. A knot of officers gathered upon the forcastle—and the writer of this sketch, seated astride the belaying pin, was watching the end of the eccentric stranger. She now seemed at a short distance from us. To give way to her might throw us upon the Alboran, to pursue our course without a change upon her part, would effect her destruction. Both vessels were now alarmingly near, and fearing lest I might be too small an object to be respected in case of a meeting between two such large bodies, going ahead at the fate of nine knots an hour, I made a sudden spring, without duly considering my friend, the belaying pin, and *landed* upon the deck, leaving a quarter of a yard of blue broad cloth, which I could have better spared from a better place, fluttering in the breeze. At this moment, when it seemed that a meeting could not be avoided, if we kept on our course, the officer of the deck, thinking the brig intended to pass to leeward, gave the order—"Hard up your helm"—the stranger, however, continued on, and of course, approached still nearer to us, and just as I had made up my mind to hear the crashing of spars and rigging, the shrieks of the drowning, and the gurgling sound of the whirlpool, as the gallant brig went down to her watery rest, the master's mate of the forcastle cried—"Hard down, sir," "Hard down," said the lieutenant of the watch, in a voice of thunder—"Hard down," growled the old bruizer at the wheel, and hard down went our helm. The old frigate answered her helm sweetly, and the brig like a flash of light, dashed across our bows within a few feet of our flying jib-boom, and staggered along her course, we having as she passed us, completely stolen her wind. When she came on, not a voice was heard, but that of the officers of the watch, giving the orders before mentioned; but when she had passed, a burst of feeling came from every breast, and the cry, "thank God she is safe," awoke the silence of the frigate's deck. As I looked out the bridle port, I saw the captain of the brig standing speechless at the gangway, with a lantern in his hand, while beside him, a little boy was kneeling in the act of supplication. Who the captain was, or from what nation he sprung, I never could ascertain; but one of our reefers, from the starboard cat head, gave him a parting homily, like that of commodore Trunnion's, well spiced with round grape and canister, which owing to the circumstances of the case, he never will forget. In a few minutes the moon went behind a cloud, and feeling confident that we had passed the bugbear island, we shaped our course for Cape de Gatta. The next morning not a sail was in sight, the coast of Spain, in all its glorious beauty, lay beside us; Cape de Gatta appeared ahead; and the snow-capped mountains of Granada towered amid the clouds.

Burton's Magazine.

Agricultural.

LUCERNE, COMPARED WITH OTHER GRASSES.

Giles Co., (Tenn.) Jan. 13, 1840.

To the Publisher of the Cultivator:

Sir:—In your last number, my eye has fallen upon a sensible and well written communication from the pen of the Hon. Wm. E. Kennedy, headed, "Lucerne—its cultivation and valuable properties;" in which, however, I am almost prepared to venture the opinion that your correspondent has gone into some slight errors. I am but little in the habit of communicating my thoughts to paper, and am less inclined to venture a reliance upon my own opinions, when in the slightest conflict with the experience of such gentlemen as your intelligent correspondent. Indeed, in regard to the cultivation of Lucerne, I can say nothing from experience. I will therefore be permitted simply to give quotations from the best authorities which I have met with, from which I have made my own conclusions in regard to the properties of this grass.

Mr. Sinclair, Gardener to the Duke of Bedford, in that standard work, the "*Hortus Gramineus Wobernensis*," gives a table of different grasses, from which the following is taken:

Table of the quantities of Nutritive Matters afforded by 1000 *parts of different grasses.*

GRASSES.	Whole quantity of soluble matter.	Mucilage.	Sacharine matter.	Gluton.	Extract.
Broad leaved Clover,	39	31	3	2	3
Long rooted Clover,	39	30	4	3	2
White Clover,	32	29	1	3	5
Sanfoin,	39	28	2	3	6
Lucerne,	23	18	1	....	4
Fertile Meadow Grass,	78	65	6	....	7
Meadow Foxtail Grass,	33	24	3	....	6
Roughish Meadow Grass,	39	29	5	....	6
Sweet scented vernal Grass,	50	43	4	....	3
Sweet scented soft Grass,	82	72	4	....	6
Spiked fescue Grass,	19	15	2	....	2

These grasses were submitted to experiment when green and in their natural state, at that period when the seed is ripening. A glance at the above table, taken in connection with the remark of Sir Humphrey Davy, (if true,) that "it is probable that the excellence of the different articles, as food, will be found to be, in a great measure, proportional to the *quantity of soluble or nutritive matters* they afford," would seem to indicate that Lucerne is one of the most *innutritive* grasses. It is, therefore, perhaps an error of Judge Kennedy, when he says it "is the most succulent and *nutritious* grass of all the grasses I have any knowledge of." Its great succulence or juiciness, may very naturally have led him into such an error. Yet the notable quantity of *extract* found in the Lucerne, (equal to one sixth of its soluble matter,) may greatly improve the quality of its nutritive matter. If this extract is a tonic, as some vegetable physiologists maintain, its importance may be very great in aiding the vegetable substance to act on the system. I should be pleased to receive the views of some of your competent correspondents on this head.

The opinions I have entertained of Lucerne, and they are derived from the best authorities, are as follows:—That it is *not* so nutritious, for example, as red clover; but that what it wants in nutritive matter it makes up in luxuriant or rapid growth—being sufficient for cutting from four to six times in the year; that it comes into use 12 or 15 days earlier than clover—is as succulent; and what is an advantage, does not salivate stock which feed on it. But white Clover *enriches* worn and thin fields, Lucerne *requires* rich, heavily manured soils, and will not do well on any other. This is an important difference—and gives clover a great preference over it, when cultivated upon a large scale.—For small patches, to which particular attention can be given, and manure easily hauled, I do not entertain a doubt that Lucerne is the preferable grass. I am, therefore, pleased with the hints contained in the second paragraph of Judge Kennedy's communication, to "house keepers in town." They are, doubtless, equally applicable to small farmers in the country.

I must ask the privilege of appearing anonymously, as what I offer is made up of authorities, some of which are given, and not of my own experience. If I ever communicate to you the result of any experiment of my own, I shall certainly append to it my full name; as I believe all agricultural correspondents ought to do under similar circumstances. Very respectfully, —— ——

CULTIVATION OF GRASSES, AND THEIR VALUE.

As many persons are just commencing the cultivation of grass, it should be their especial care first to gain a thorough knowledge of the quality and value for all purposes of the different kinds suited to our climate and soil. Among the many and various treatises on the subject that have appeared in the agricultural journals of the present day, the following is one of the most explicit; it is furnished by a Quaker farmer of Maryland for publication in the "Farmer and Gardener:"—

Clairmont, 6th month, 20th, 1835.

Respected Friend,—I have received thy letter of the 13th inst., containing twelve queries relative to the culture and suitableness of the most approved species of grasses for dairy purposes, intended for the information of a gentleman to the South. And while I comply most cheerfully in replying thereto, I hope I shall be excused at this busy season of the year, for making my answers as concise as possible. I am fully sensible that the subjects to which thou hast called my attention are vitally important, and are entitled to a more minute and extensive notice than I have leisure now to devote to them, but if a plain account of my opinions and practice will be of any service to your Southern subscriber and inquirer, or to others, they are at thy service.

1st query. Is clover suited to being grazed by cattle, horses, &c.—or is it more profitable to cut it and soil the cattle with it?

In reply to this query, I may observe, that *red clover* is good for grazing cattle; but in order to derive the full benefit of enriching the land by it, the cattle ought not to graze on it until it is nearly or quite in bloom, whereby the droppings of the cattle are in some degree covered by the clover, and the evaporation of the more valuable portions of the manure thus to a considerable extent prevented. The cattle should be taken off early enough in the fall to leave a good cover, to protect the roots of the clover, and prevent their being drawn out by the winter frosts. Clover is now generally known to be the best of all grasses for enriching and improving poor land; it should therefore be sown with all the varieties of spear grasses, viz, orchard grass, timothy, tall meadow-oat, and herds grass, if the latter be sown on dry mellow land.

Although red clover is not the best grass for grazing cattle, yet it is essential to the grazing, as it fertilizes the land, and therefore promotes the growth of white clover and green grass, *poa pratensis*, which are considered as the richest and most acceptable to cattle of all grasses.

Soiling of cattle in the stalls have two good properties in it, to wit: cattle thus fed furnish more manure, and require less land to provide the necessary supplies of provender, but these are not gained without additional expense, and great risk to the health of the cattle, which is certain to be impaired more or less, unless they are permitted to range abroad a part of each day.

2d query. Is lucerne better suited to soiling milch cows than the common red clover—does it yield more green fodder, and is it earlier?

3d query. Is orchard grass calculated to being grazed by cattle—does it sustain much loss from the treading down of the cattle while feeding?

Answer to the 2d and 3d queries.—The cheapest and earliest article for soiling is, I think, the tall meadow oat grass—*avena eliator*. The *lucerne* is equally early, and as good, or better, for soiling; but its culture is more difficult and expensive. The red clover soon follows them, and when ready to cut, we have no occasion for a better article to soil with. The orchard grass and tall meadow oat afford the most pasture of any of the spear grasses I am acquainted with, and will make good and suitable hay for cattle if sown thick, and cut when in flower, or rather before; continuing longer in sandy land than most other grasses, and bears the trampling of cattle well.

I shall now answer the following of thy questions under the same general head:—

4th query. Is it considered judicious to sow clover seed and orchard grass seed together to graze upon?

5th query. Is it considered sound economy to sow the above grasses together for hay? In either case, what are the respective proportions of seed of each that should be sown to the acre?

6th query. Will the orchard grass mature sufficiently early to be cut with the clover for hay?

7th query. What quantity of orchard grass, when sown alone, should be sown on an acre intended for hay?

8th query. Should a larger quantity of orchard grass be sown on an acre intended for grazing than on one intended to be cut for hay?

9th query. Will herds grass bear much grazing—and is there much loss resulting from the hoofs of the cattle?

10th query. Which of all the artificial grasses is the most profitable for hay, regard being had to its nutritious quality, facility of curing, and adaptation as food for cattle?

I am in the regular practice of sowing from five to six quarts of clover seed to the acre, in March, on land that was sowed in the previous fall with orchard grass, or tall meadow oat. They are in, however, about the same time, and are well calculated to support the clover, and be mowed together.

The requisite quantity of orchard grass seed for an acre depends much on how well it has been cleaned and prepared for sowing. I sow about two bushels when clean, first preparing it as follows:—Lay the seed about four inches thick on a floor—make it thoroughly damp by repeatedly watering it well, and care should be taken to turn it frequently. It should remain thus for about thirty-six hours, which renders the seed heavier, causes it to fall freer from the hand, and enables the sower to distribute it more evenly, it not being, from its specific gravity, so liable to be affected by the wind. Another advantage gained is, it vegetates with much greater certainty.

Herds grass makes good hay for milch cows, being soft and nutritious, but the yield is not equal to other grasses, either for hay or pasture. It may, however, be sown to profit on cold damp lands, where it thrives better than on dry land, and will grow on land too wet for any of the other grasses enumerated above.

I prefer clover and orchard grass mixed to feed cattle with in hay or pasture: and timothy and clover for horses. Although the clover ripens earlier than the timothy, yet if cut when in bloom, they make a better hay than either do separately. Owing to the astringent quality of the timothy, horses fed alone on it constantly, become costive if not feverish, and sometimes both; these things being the necessary consequence of such a condition of the bowels, when long continued. This injurious and natural tendency of the timothy is corrected by the clover; its admixture, therefore, with the latter is absolutely necessary to the preservation of the health of horses. Should some of the clover when mowed with the timothy be so ripe as to crumble on making it into hay, it should not be considered as a loss; it falls to the ground where it decomposes, and in part repays the soil for what it has abstracted from it, and thus serves to fertilize it and enable it the better to nourish and bring forth its next crop.

12th query. What quantity of seed of each of the several grasses should be sown—when—and how should the ground be prepared, manured, &c.?

Answer to the 12th query. In order to prepare lands in the best manner for grass seed, all the native grass and weeds must be completely eradicated by the culture of mellowing crops: such as Indian corn, tobacco, cotton, or potatoes, or by a cleansing fallow of repeated ploughings and harrowings during the spring and summer; and if not rich enough to produce from five to six barrels, of five bushels each of corn, to the acre, manure the land and plough it in with a shallow furrow just before sowing the seed. If lime or ashes should be used, it will be best to harrow them in.

I prefer sowing the spear grass seeds in the latitude of Baltimore from the 1st to the 25th of September. However, on stiff clay they may be sown later, as also on sandy lands, owing to the injurious effects resulting from their heated surface. For every degree south of, and parallel with, Baltimore, and the seacoast, sow the spear grass seeds about ten days later; and in the spring, sow clover seed ten days earlier.

I sow about the same quantity of oat grass seed as of orchard, and about five quarts of timothy seed, and one-half a bushel of herds grass seed. It is the neatest way to sow the spear grasses by themselves; nor do they require, in my opinion, the protection of grain crops; but it is, however, sometimes a convenience to sow these seeds on wheat, rye, and oat fields—and often very judicious in a routine of crops. It is not, nevertheless, always best on grazing farms, the shattering grain frequently proving a weed to the succeeding grass crops, whilst those grain crops themselves substract much of the nutriment which should have been permitted to, and otherwise would, have sustained the grass. Respectfully thy friend, Robert Sinclair.

MILCH FOR CITIES.

The manner in which large cities such as London or Paris, are supplied with the essential article of milk, furnishes one of the best illustrations of the effects resulting from a combined and well arranged system of labor. The cow-keeper and feeder, the people that do the milking, and those who distribute it, all have their various duties allotted them, and all the several parts move harmoniously together. The 'Lactaries' (as these milk establishments are called,) for the supply of London are principally in the vicinity of Islington, and are an object of great curiosity to those who take an interest in such matters. Mr. Saycock's establishment is one of the best. It occupies about 16 acres including the building for stalls, granaries, stack-yards, &c. There are 9 cow-houses, each about 140 feet in length, and containing 600 cows. In the stalls, the cows which are of the best kinds, are placed, and only turned out for a few hours daily; and though thus confined, no inconvenience, except a little lameness, is experienced by them. On an average, 600 cows afford during the year about 1,200 gallons of milk, and it is taken as fast as delivered from the cows, morning and evening, by the venders for distribution. Forty horses are constantly employed about the establishment, and 400 pigs are annually fatted on the refuse of the premises. The average worth of each cow is not less than 75 dollars. One of the most singular facts connected with this mode of cow keeping is, that the process of fattening goes on at the same time with the milking, and when they become dry, they are usually fit for sale in the Smithfield beef market. Their food is composed of brewers' grain, mangel wertzel, ruta baga, and hay; the turnips for fattening It is proved by experience, both in London and at New York, that brewers' or distillers' grains alone, are poor feed for milch cows, producing milk of an inferior quality, and requiring hay and roots to prevent serious detriment to the health of the animal.

ON THE PROPAGATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE QUINCE TREE.

[From the Magazine of Horticulture.]

The Quince is a very beautiful tree when in flower, and when the fruit is ripe in autumn, highly ornamental. It derives its name from *Cydon*, a town of Crete, famous for this fruit; whence its generic name Cydonia.

The trees are easily raised by layers, or by cuttings, taken from the tree in April. Select a shady place in order to plant them in rows, at about a foot apart from each other, and about four inches from plant to plant in the rows; spread over the surface of the ground rotten leaves, or manure, when the planting is finished, which will keep the ground from sudden drought; also, water occasionally, if there should be a continuance of dry weather.

The year following, those that are well rooted may be planted out in May, and those that are not should remain another year. They may also be propagated by budding or grafting; and these trees will bear fruit sooner, and are generally thought to be more prolific, than those raised by any other method.

The best sort for planting is the *Portugal*, being highly prized for baking or stewing. It is of a fine purple color when dressed, and is much better for marmalade than any of the other varieties. The oblong or pear quince, and the apple quince, are also cultivated for family use; but the Portugal sort is in the greatest repute, either for cooking or preserving.

The quince tree may be pruned much in the same way as you would prune an apple tree, taking care to cut out all the old diseased and dead wood, and the cross branches in the middle of the tree, which injure each other by friction. Old trees are very apt to have rough bark; when this is the case, it should be shaved off with a draw knife, and the stems washed over with soap suds and tobacco water. The trees will thrive in almost any kind of soil.

The quince tree also makes excellent stocks, on which to graft pears, in order to obtain dwarf trees; for this purpose they may be propagated by cuttings put in as before recommended. The trees may be budded the second or third year, according to the growth they have made.

This fruit is as easily grown as any other fruit, and does well in situations where other kinds of fruit trees will not thrive. A little more attention to their cultivation, and a very handsome profit could be realized from a limited piece of ground. J. W. Russell.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Murphy Redivivus.—Letters from Rome state that that city is filled with foreigners. Particular mention is to be made of the Duc de Bordeaux in the next consistory, but that is not to be held until 1840; and an Italian priest, hight father Palotta, has prophesied that the pope will die this year. This prophet is venerated as a saint in the Holy See, and the Pope, having heard of his prediction, has had a long consultation with him. Father Palotta, however, was inexorable, and persisted in insisting that the Pope should die this year. In vain did his Holiness beg and entreat for an additional year or two, but the priest will not grant him any delay. The Pope then sent Palotta to Frascati, in order to pray for a reprieve. He had just returned, and, as the year is drawing to a close, we should imagine that the Pope's powerful appeals to Palotta's generosity had been successful. This ignorant credulity has afforded much amusement among the English.

A letter from Constantinople, quoted by the *Nouvelliste Vaudois*, announces a circumstance which, if true, evinces an extraordinary innovation on the old habits of the Mussulmans. It states that the young Sultan, yielding to the pressing request of his sister Mihirmah, has granted her permission to proceed to England, and be present at the marriage of Queen Victoria. She is, the writer says, to go to London in the Mossrose steamer, accompanied by Dr. Millingen, the English physician, and a numerous suite, and, after the marriage, is to proceed to Naples, and from thence to Switzerland, to pass the summer, but is not to go to Paris, an arrangement which is said to have given great dissatisfaction to M. de Pontois. The same letter informs us that the Sultan is about to issue a hatti-scheriff, authorizing Turkish, Greek. Armenian, and Jewish women to wear the European dress, and that the announcement has given great delight to the fair sex, who will no longer be compelled to hide their charms under the feredge and the yarhemak.

The other day Mademoiselle Rachel received an anonymous present, in the shape of a gold box, containing a wreath of the same metal, of exquisite workmanship.

Lye, the Jockey.—In the course of the last season this celebrated rider travelled upwards of 6,000 miles, and rode 173 races, many of them for large stakes, of which he won 68, twenty-nine of the successful ones being for Lord Eglinton (eleven on Potentate,) eleven for the Duke of Cleveland, and the rest for other parties not immediately connected with him. We believe that this can scarcely be paralleled.

Clerical Bon Mot.—A Reverend Doctor was lately travelling from London to ——— in the mail coach; it so fell out that he and a lady were the only persons occupying the interior of the vehicle. He therefore essayed to draw the lady out in the way of conversation, but to no effect; so he resigned himself to the embraces of Morpheus, which example the lady shortly thereafter followed. Subsequently the mail coach halted at the lady's residence; footmen were in attendance to hand her ladyship from the carriage, which attendance the lady was in the act of receiving, when the Rev. Doctor facetiously remarked, "Why Madam we must not part without shaking hands, as 'tis probably the last time we may sleep together; which the lady, highly amused, assented to by a cordial pressure of the hand.

Vicious Red Deer.—On the 20th ult., as William Williams, a blacksmith, residing at Iscoed, near Bangor, Flint, was crossing the park of Emral Hall, Worthenbury, he was attacked by a red deer, which overturned him and gored him so severely in several places that, after lingering in a very weak and painful state, he expired on Saturday morning, 30th November. His age was 64. He was carried by some persons, who were attracted by his cries, to Emral Hall, and was there, while he survived, most humanely treated, having the best medical advice, and persons to sit up with him during the night. The deer was shot by the gamekeeper the same day on which the man was so injured. A coroner's inquest was held upon the body, and after evidence had been heard, a verdict of "Accidental death by a stag," was returned.

Senatorial Wager.—At a recent dinner party at Wolsington, Matthew Bell, Esq., M. P. (whose personal activity and fondness of innocent recreations are well known,) undertook, for a trifling wager, to hop round his own dining-room, and in the operation of hopping to eat six sponge-biscuits, and drink six glasses of port, without resting! Mr. Bell performed the feat with ease, in the presence of a considerable number of his friends.

Another effect of the hard times.—The young ladies who sue for breach of promise cases, complain that they don't get half as much awarded them as formily when the times were brisk and money plenty. One young lady in particular, who follows the business of sueing young men for a living, says she cannot make it an object to carry it on any longer. It makes it very bad again, don't it, girls! Savannah Telegraph.

"I'm broke!" as the looking-glass said ven the "ugly customer" looked in it to see his face.

Love.—Hear how a Philadelphia swain pokes love at his flame, through the columns of the Ledger:

"Three-score days I have at you glanced,
But your love for me has not advanced;
Will you not love me, for to save
A wretched lover from the grave?"

Were we in the young girl's place we would get the word "*no*," engraved on a sweet potato. do it up with his verses, and send it to him as a final answer.

THE DOG'S EMANCIPATION BILL.

AN ORIGINAL COMIC SONG—TO BE SUNG AT ALL THE THEATRES.

Ye dogs aristocratic! and ye of low degree!
Rejoice with me the Act is passed, by which we are set free.
Emancipation's granted, and we will have our fling,
And like Jamaica Niggers, do nought but dance and sing—
To the tune of Bow! wow! wow!

Say not the Mayor of London, and Ministers besides,
Show not commiseration in pitying our hides:
No more we'll dread the tinker's frown, or seller of old rags,
When we drew cats'-meat round the town in overloaded drags—
To the tune of Bow! wow! wow!

Dick Martin was our foremost friend in passing of the Acts
'Gainst Cruelty to Animals, including dogs and cats;
With nutshells glued upon his claws, Grimalkin does not pattle,
Or we with saucepans to our tails forced through the streets to rattle—
To the tune of Bow! wow! wow!

Ye ladies' dogs and poodles who revel at your ease,
And sleep on satin sofas, or eat whate'er you please;
We envy not your happiness, be merry whilst you may,
The Proverb says, "that every dog in turn shall have his day."—
To the tune of Bow! wow! wow!

Our Royal Misses loves the breed, and deigns to wash their hides,
They frolic in her lap, and do——some other things besides;
With sausage meat and chicken breasts Fop's fed until his eyes
Are starting from their sockets, as he bursts, and kicks, and dies—
To the tune of Bow! wow! wow!

Beware Lord Melbourne where you step, and Palmerston likewise,
For if you tread on Sancho's tail, you need not feel surprise;
If ye your *congé* quickly take, thrown back upon the nation,
As better servants oft before have lost their situation—
To the tune of Bow! wow! wow!

No doubt our careful Ministers will pass a Poor-Law for us,
For when our masters turn us off, what else can be done for us!
I know that neighbor Towler is fearful of the rope,
And Jowler will be wash'd e'er long, without the aid of soap—
To the tune of Bow! wow! wow!

A truce to hydrophobia! I never was afraid!
A staunch Teetotalist I am, as ever yet was made;
As long as tripe was pretty good, and horse-flesh never fail'd,
I jogg'd along thro' London streets and ne'er my lot bewail'd—
To the tune of Bow! wow! wow!

'Tis better then on second thoughts to study this "New Bill,"
Lest we may rue when 'tis too late, the working of the pill!
And like the Boy who wish'd to be "far better e'en than well,"
Took physic in a hurry, and the Clerk soon toll'd his knell—
To the tune of Bow! wow! wow!

A warm corpse.—A couple of resurrectionists started for a subject one cold night, in a small covered wagon, and succeeded in finding one—when they had disinterred the body, they dressed it up in a frock-coat, hat, &c., placed it between them in their wagon, and started for home. The weather being very cold, and coming in sight of a tavern, they concluded to stop and "take a drink," which they did, leaving the inanimate companion sitting erect upon his seat, with the horse's reins lying in his lap. The ostler observing three individuals in the wagon when it was driven up, and noticing that but two went into the house, thought he would inquire of the third why he did not follow his companions. So he walked up to the wagon and asked the reason for his remaining behind. No answer was returned. After questioning the dumb gentleman some time, he took hold of him, and found that his hand was upon a DEAD MAN! Although terrified at first, his mind soon solved the mystery, he recollected that one of the individuals who was sipping toddy at the bar was a medical student. "So," says the ostler, "I'll have some fun with these larks." He hoisted the body from the wagon and carried it into the stable, where he took off its clothes, put them on himself, and then placed himself in the wagon; after a short time the students returned—one of them jumped up beside, as he supposed, his dead man, and in merriment struck him upon his knee, exclaiming, "how would you like some flip, my old fellow!" The moment the words had passed his lips, he observed to his companion, in a low and trembling voice, "Ben, he's warm!" This started Ben, but he recovered his self-possession in a moment, and after reproving his friend for frightening him unnecessarily, stepped up and touched the ostler himself; in an instant choked with fear, he repeated what his companion had just said,—"He *is* warm, by Heaven." "And so would you be," replied the ostler, in a measured and ghostly tone, "if you had just been stolen from h—, as I have!" The students took to their heels, and never returned to claim their horse or wagon.

Exertions of Ney in the Retreat from Moscow.—At length we were out of that accursed country, the Russian territory. The Cossacks no longer pursued us with the same ardour. In proportion as we advanced into the Prussian territory we found better quarters and more resources. The first place at which we were able to take breath was Wilkoviski; and the next Gumbinnen, where I put up at the house of a physician, which I had occupied when I passed through the town before. Some excellent coffee had just been brought in for breakfast, when a man in a brown great coat entered; he had a long beard, his face was blackened, and looked as if it were burnt; his eyes were red and brilliant. 'At length I am here,' said he. 'Why,' General Dumas, don't you know me?'—'No; who are you then?' 'I am the rear guard of the grand army; I have fired the last musket shot on the bridge of Kowno. I have thrown into the Niemen the last of our arms, and have come hither through the woods. I am Marshal Ney.—Memoirs of his Time, by Lieut.-General Count Dumas.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - Lafayette Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th March.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - Kendall Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 12th May.
COLUMBUS, Ga. - - - Jockey Club Spring Races, 3d Tuesday, 24th April.
FAYETTE, Mo. - - - J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
IRWINTON, Ala. - - - Harrison Course, J. C. Meeting 4th Tuesday in Feb.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th March.
MILLEDGVILLE, Ga. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th March.
MACON, Ga. - - - - - Central Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th April.
NEW YORK CITY - - - Union Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th May.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th March.
" " " " " Match, $1000 a side, P. P., Mile heats, between the 2 yr olds of Y. N. Oliver and Kenner & Chapman, Spring Meeting of 1840.
" " " Louisiana Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, last Thursday, 26th March.
" " " Louisiana Course, Match, $2000 a side, h. ft., Mile heats, between Mr. J. R. Grymes' 2 yr. old gr. Leviathan colt and J. F. Miller's *Fairly Fair*, Spring Meeting of 1840.
RALEIGH, N. C Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday in April next.
TRENTON, N. J. - - Eagle Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th May.
TUSCUMBIA, Ala. - - Franklin Co. Course, Spring Meeting, 1st week in May next.
WASHINGTON CITY - National Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday 5th May.
WAYNESBORO', N.C. Randolph Macon Course, J. C Sp'g Meeting, 2d Tuesday 14th April.

Stallions for 1840.

☞ *Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season or Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail (to the amount of Twenty dollars) in this paper, no charge will be made.*

ANDREW, by Sir Charles. dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $75—$100, and $1 to the groom. O. P. Hare.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate by Catton, at L. J. Polk's farm, Maury Co., Tenn., 4 miles from Mt. Pleasant, at $60, $75, and $100, and $1 to the groom.

ARGYLE, by Monsieur Tenson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, at W.R. Smith's plantation, Laurens District, S. C., at $50.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Clarksville, Tenn., limited to 55 mares at $60 and $70. Address James McClure & Co.

BELSHAZZAR. *Imported*, by Blackblock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Wm. P. Campbell, Franklin, Tenn., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRITIC, by Eclipse, dam by Eclipse Herod, at C. S. W. Dorsey's stable, 12 miles from Baltimore, Md., and 2 from Ellicott's Mills, at $40 and $60.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, the dam of Picton, etc., by Sir Archy, at the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, Md , at $30 and $50. James B. Kendall.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at James Swanson's stable, near Franklin, Tenn., limited to sixty mares at $100.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at Halifax Court House, Va., at $100. and $1 to the groom. John Wimbish.

FELT, *Imported*, by Langar, out of Steam by Waxy Pope, at the stables of John R. Snediker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom.

FOP, *Imported*, by Stumps, dam by Fitz James, at Col. F. C. H. Miller's, 2 m. from Chapel Hill, Marshall Co., Tenn., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom. James Jackson.

GREY EAGLE, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, at Sidney Burbridge's stable, Forest Hill, near Frankfort, Ky. He is limited to 75 mares at $100 each.

HEDGFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie by Orville, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable, Franklin Co., Ky., 7 miles from Frankfort, at $100.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Duchess of York by Waxy, at the farm of George Fryer, near the Washington race Course, Charleston, S.C., at $40, and $1 to the groom.

IBRAHIM PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Bedouin Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $50 to insure

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at L. Y. Craig's stable, Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., at $100.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at Col. George Elliott's stable, Gallatin, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Hickman Lewis, 9 m. west of Athens, Ala., at $100, and $1 to gm.—limited to 65 mares.

LANGFORD, *Imported*, by Starch, out of Peri (the dam of Sir Hercules) by Wanderer, at Penn's Neck, 1 mile and a half south of Princeton, N. J., at $10—$15 and $20.

MONARCH, *Imported*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, at Col. Wade Hampton's Woodland's Estate, near Columbia, S.C., under direction of Wm. A. Stewart, at $100.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, at New Design, Twigg Co., Ky., at $60 and $80, and $1 to the groom Edmund Bacon.

OLIVER, by Mayday, out of Young Betsey Richards by John Richards, at O. Bailey's Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Hicksford, Va., 80 pay mares at $150 cash, and $1 to the groom. A. T. B. Merritt.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza by Imp. Bedford, at Duke W. Sumner's stable, Spring Grove, Tenn., 7 miles north of Nashville, at $100, and $1 to the groom

ROBIN BROWN, by Mons. Tonson, out of Boston's dam by Ball's Florizel, at Walnut Grove, Marengo Co., Ala., at $30—$60, and 1 to groom. Henry A. Tayloe.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at Hector Bell's stable, Winchester, Va., at $60—$100, and $1 to the groom.

SARACEN, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, at the stable of D. F. Winter, Belvidere, Warren County, N. J., at $10.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at E. H. Blackburn's, Woodford Co., Ky., between Lexington and Frankfort, at $100.

STEEL, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Constitution, at Col. Edmund Townes' stable, Granville County, N. C., at $60 and $100.

SHERIFF PACHA, *Imported*, of the pure Syrian Arab stock, at J. G. Smith's Solitude Farm, 4 m. south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tenn., at $75 to insure

SHADOW, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch by Virginian, at N. B. Luse's Brick Stable, Morristown, N. J., near the Morris and Essex Rail Road, at $10.

TORNADO, by Eclipse, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, at the stable of John Drew, Union Course, L. I., at $20 the season.

WOODPECKER, by Bertrand, dam by Imp. Buzzard, at his old stand in Bourbon Co., Ky., 17 miles from Lexington, at $100.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at John A. Reedy's stable, Madison County, near Huntsville, Ala., at $50.

CHICKEN FIGHT EXTRAORDINARY!

A main of Cocks is to be fought in this city, commencing on Tuesday next for $3000 a side. At the request of several subscribers in this city and Maryland, we have been induced to publish the

New York Rules for Showing and Fighting.

1st. That all *Cocks* weighed in, shall be matched on the main list, by giving and taking two ounces, so as to make the most matches.

2d. All *Chickens* be matched in the same manner.

3d. That *Blinkers* (Cocks or Chickens) be matched by taking not less than three, or more than five ounces in weight, over the two-eyed Cocks or Chickens, so as to make the most matches.

4th. That the Pitter telling the count, shall count ten, in an audible voice, and the number of counts told, and then each handle and bring his Cock to the score as soon as possible, without doing more to his Cock than adjusting his wing-feathers or quills, and not remove any thing that may be about his beak, head, or heels, no pressing or extending either body, head, neck, or legs, until five several counts, when both Cocks shall be breasted (*i.e.* put breast to breast), and then, if the cock still decline fighting, continue to count four several times more, in all nine times, then breast again, and if no fight, the tenth count decides the battle. But, should there be fight during the ten counts by the declining cock, then commence again for either cock, the last fighting cock having the count.

5th. That no Cock or Chicken shall be handled, unless ten is counted, or either of the parties is hung in his antagonist, the pit, mat or earth. No giving wing by either party; no touching, unless one or both should be on his back, when either party may turn his Cock, or Chicken, with the least possible injury to him.

6th. That all disputes shall be settled by the judges, if they agree, which shall be final. If not, *they* to choose an umpire, whose decision shall be unalterable.

7th. That the *pit* heels or spurs are to be purchased and kept by the Stewards. Those in a *main* are to be shewn and kept according to agreement.

8th. That all *Hackels* and heads must have the shining feathers cut entirely off.

It will be seen by an advertisement in to-day's paper, that Mr. McCormick of Baltimore, has accepted the challenge of Mr. Ragan, of Hagerstown, Md., for $2500 the Main, and offers to deposit $1000 as forfeit in the Middletown Bank. The Main is to be fought at Hagerstown, on the 24th of June next.

The late Lord ——, who hated his wife, whose name was Elizabeth, on her being taken suddenly ill, laid a wager she would die, which event taking place, one of his friends observed that his Lordship had *won* by the *loss* of his *Bet*.

Parody.—An impassioned cabinet-maker thus addressed his lady-love:

"Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?
Your bed shall be *shavings* bespangled with *glue?*"

A Desperate Fellow.—A rogue at the West has stolen a lot of newspaper accounts. Post.

P. S.—The rascal deserves no mercy—he should be sentenced to collect them.

THE ANCIENT MORALITY OF THE TURF.

The pursuits of the primitive and pure honours of the turf are of very ancient date. Such a useful and noble animal as the horse could not but command a distinguished notice in the earliest ages, as well as engage the powers of eloquence and poetry in the description of its unrivalled excellences. His swiftness, strength, and docility must ever have been objects of the first attention and pleasure; and, consequently, few public games or diversions of ancient times were exhibited in which this noble animal did not bear a considerable part. It would be needless to enlarge on the high antiquity of horse and chariot races, which have been celebrated in the earliest ages of history. It may be sufficient to observe, that to encourage agility and manly vigor, as well as skill and dexterity in the management of the fleet courser, was the laudable purport of these sportive exercises. The sturdy strength and muscular exertions of an Olympic charioteer, exhibit a striking contrast to the spider-like form and emaciated figure of a Newmarket jockey. The rewards of victory, also, were as plain and simple in the Grecian games as they were distinguished and honourable. A garland of palm, or laurel, or parsely, or pine leaves served to adorn the brow of the fortunate victor, whilst his name stood a chance of being transmitted to posterity in the strains of some lofty Pindar. The rewards of modern days are, indeed, more substantial and solid, being paid in weighty gold or its equivalent, while their fleet coursers and their exulting proprietors stand conspicuous in the lists of a Pond, Heber, and Weatherby.—Thus the cause of morality was by no means overlooked in the exhibition of these useful and honourable pastimes; but there was a happy union of utility, pleasure, and virtue. A spotless life and unblameable manners, a purity of descent, by being born in wedlock through several generations were indispensable qualifications on the Olympic turf. It is true, there is at least as much attention paid to purity on the plains of Newmarket; but the application is to the blood and pedigree of the horse, not of his rider. Such were the unsullied honours of the ancient stadium, or raceground. One must suppose, however, that in process of time the decisions became interested, as the manners of the age grew less scrupulous; that intrinsic merit declined with the spirit of freedom; and that the determination of the Olympic judges, as well as the manager of the Pythian oracles, could be taught to "philippize." The chariot race also maintained at all times a distinguished rank among the diversions of the Roman circus; but more especially engaged the eager attention of the people under the first Emperors The charioteers were divided into four companies, distinguished by their dress, and the whole body of citizens ranked themselves under the banners of their favourite colours, the "red," the "white," the "azure," or the "green;" of these associations the green was in favour at Court during the reigns of Caligula and Nero, who were themselves Imperial jockeys. The green, therefore, it may be presumed was generaliy victorious, as there could be little expectation of a disinterested decision amid such dregs of Romulus as were the citizens of Rome under the last-named Emperors.

FOR SALE.

A BROOD MARE, imported by the subscriber from England. She was bred by Mr. Richardson, near York, and sold when 2 yrs. old to the celebrated Mr. Beardsworth, for 360 guineas.

In 1834, at 3 yrs. old, she ran at Wooster Spring Meeting, for a sweepstakes, entrance 20 guineas, in which five colts only started. Before the race the odds were in her favor against the field When near the goal, and nearly a distance ahead of her competitors, she was thrown down by a mare crossing the track, injured in her fore leg, and rendered incapable of farther performance.

She is of dark bay color, 15 hands 1 inch high, of good racing shape, and possesses an excellent constitution. Her stock is of the most durable character and blood, not surpassed by any of the late importations.

She is by Lottery, out of Novice by Young Filho da Puta—her dam the Walton mare bred by Mr. Morris' in 1808-9—Two-shoes by Asparagus, out of sister to Mother Bunch by Mercury.

Britannia (for so I call her) is now supposed to be in foal to Duane. Gentlemen in the West or South desirous to purchase may have a great bargain. Price $1000, and no less. Payment received in Cotton and Tobacco, if more convenient to the purchaser. Apply to Feb. 22. W. WALLACE COOK, Philadelphia.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

TO Mr. J. H. RAGAN: Having seen your challenge in the New York "Spirit of the Times" addressed "To the Cockers of the United States," I accept of the same for Twenty-five Hundred Dollars. I will deposit the Thousand Dollars forfeit in the Middletown Bank, in Dauphin County, Penn., on or before the first day of March next. The fight to be conducted according to New York Rules and conditions. The Main to take place at Hagerstown, Md., the Twenty-fourth of June next.

Yours respectfully,
Baltimore, Md., Feb. 4, 1840.—[feb22] HENRY McCORMICK.

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

NO. 1. For 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Two mile heats. To come off in Dec. 1840. Four subs. and closed, viz.:

1. Col. A. H. Kenan names b. c. by Andrew, out of Pet.
2. G. Edmonson's names ch. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of Mary Elizabeth's dam by Gallatin.
3. Col. John Crowell names c, by Wild Bill, out of John Bascomb's dam.
4. Col. John Woolfolk names b. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of Vixen by Eclipse.

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats. Six subs. and closed, viz.:

1. Col. Wade Hampton names Imp. ch. f. *Penelope*, by Plenipo, out of Violet.
2. Also, Imp. b. f. *Milliner*, by Merchant, out of Surprise.
3. Wm. McCargo names (John C. Rogers') bl. f. *Dolly Thorpe*, by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards.
4. G. Edmonson names ch. f. by Imp. Rowton, out of Kitty Fisher by Gallatin.
5. Also, ch. f. by Andrew, out of a mare by Lafayette.
6. Lewis Lovell names b. c. by Imp. Hedgford, out of Beckey by Marquis.

No. 3. For 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close December, 1840. To be run the Spring of 1841. Subscribers:—Col. W. Hampton, Col. J. J. Pittman, Jas. Palmer & Co., G. Edmonson, and Thos. Van Landingham.

No. 4. Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, sub. $1000 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. To be run the Annual Fall Meeting of 1842. Closed with the following subscribers, viz.:

1. Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascomb.
2. John D. Kirby of Va. names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam.
3. Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascomb.
4. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Imp. Lucy and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascomb.
6. John O'Hanlon names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough.
7. Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull.

Feb. 22. G. EDMONSON & Co., *Prop'rs.*

WOODPECKER,

BY BERTRAND, DAM BY IMPORTED BUZZARD,—will stand the ensuing season, commencing on the 1st March, and ending on the 1st July, at the same stables he has occupied for the last five years, in Bourbon county, 17 miles east of Lexington, and will be permitted to serve mares at $100 the season, payable when the mare is taken away, or closed by note. When a class of five mares is sent to him, the fifth mare will be served gratis. The very best blue grass pasturage will be furnished gratis, and grain fed upon moderate terms, if desired. Mares will also be kept from year to year, as long as may be desired.

It is unnecessary here to enter into a history of Woodpecker, either by giving the long line of his distinguished ancestry, his own unsurpassed performances on the Turf, or the splendid performances of his get They are known to every one who is familiar with the Kentucky turf, and will be found recorded at large in the Turf Register and Spirit of the Times. It is sufficient to say, that he never, through his whole racing career, lost a race, running all distances, from two to four miles, and that his colts are running with equal if not better credit than the old horse—showing one fact, that he imparts his speed and bottom to them. GREY EAGLE is by Woodpecker, which is almost of itself sufficient to stamp his fame, without recurring to RALPH, TARLTON, and the long list of winners at all distances he has produced, and which put beyond doubt, his character as a getter of race horses. JOHN CUNNINGHAM,
Feb. 12 1840.—[feb224t] MEREDITH R. TARLTON.

LANGFORD.

CAPT. STOCKTON'S celebrated imported race horse LANGFORD, having met with an accident, has been thrown out of training, and will serve a limited number of mares this season, commencing on the 1st day of April, and terminating on the 1st of August, at his stand at Penn's Neck, one mile and a half south of Princeton, New Jersey, at the following rates, viz:—$20 to insure—$15 for the season, and $10 for a single leap.

Langford is a large horse, 16 hands high, of great bone and muscle. His color is a beautiful mahogany brown. His performances as a racer, at all distances, from one to four miles, are so well known as to render unnecessary a detail of them in this advertisement.

Langford was purchased from the stud of his Majesty the late King of England, and imported in 1831, and is now 7 yrs. old. He was got by Starch, out of Peri (the dam of Sir Hercules) by Wanderer. Her dam, Thalestris, by Alexander, out of Rival by Sir Peter, out of Hornet by Drone—Manilla by Goldfinder, out of Mr. Loodrick's old England mare. See Stud Book, Vol. III, pp. 418 and 533.

Feb. 22. JAMES K. VAN MATER.

LAFAYETTE COURSE (Ga.) SPRING RACES

WILL commence on the 2d Tuesday, 10th March, and continue four days. The following purses will be given:—

First day—Purse $250, Two mile heats.
Second day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Third day—Purse $600, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Feb. 22. G. EDMONSON & Co., *Prop'rs.*

MILLEDGVILLE (Ga.) SPRING RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Tuesday, 24th March, and continue four day. The following purses will be given:—

First day—Purse $250, Two mile heats.
Second day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Third day—Purse $600, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Feb. 22. H. F. YOUNG & Co., *Prop'rs.*

ST. BERNARD DOGS.

TWO fine bitch pups of the celebrated St. Bernard breed, three months old, are for sale, at $20 each. Apply at this office. Feb. 8.

DOGS FOR SALE.

A DOG and Bitch of the King Charles breed of Spaniels, two months old. Enquire at the bar of the Franklin Coffee House, Maiden Lane. Jan. 25—3t*

IRWINTON JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Races over the *Harrison Course*, near Irwinton, Ala, will commence on the 4th Tuesday in February, 1840, and continue five days; free for all horses.

The Purses, which will be good, will be hung up at the Stand, each day, in *State money*. C. SPROWL, *Proprietor.*

Irwinton, Ala., 21st Dec., 1839.—[jan4-5t]

MAYSVILLE (Ky.) JOCKEY CLUB.

THE races over the *Beachland Course* will commence in future on the 1st Tuesday May, and the 2d Tuesday in Sept. [oct26] W. J. STRATTON, *Proprietor*

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the *Eagle Course*, at the Spring Meeting of 1840, which will commence on Tuesday, May 26, which is the Tuesday following the Philadelphia and Camden races.

No. 1. A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 forfeit. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st of April.

No. 2. A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close as above.

No. 3. A Sweepstake for 4 yr. olds that never won, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race. To name and close as above.

Four mile Stake.

No. 1. A Sweepstakes for all ages (*Boston* excluded by the consent of his owner), four mile heats, sub. $500 each, forfeit $200, the 2d best to receive back his stake; the Proprietor to add $1000 to the Stake if more than one start; three or more to make a race; to name and close on the 1st of April, and to come off on the last day of the races.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 30, 1840.—[feb1] O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

RALEIGH (N. C.) STATE COURSE.

THE SPRING RACES over the *State Course*, will commence on the 4th Tuesday, the 28th of April next.

No. 1. Sweepstake for Spring of 1840, for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March. Four or more to make a race. Now four subs.

J. McLeod. Hugh Rogers. David McDaniel. Maj. N. T. Green.

No. 2. For Spring of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Mile heats. To close 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. Now one sub.

No. 3. For Fall Meeting of 1840. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st of March, 1840. Ten or more to make a race. Now eight subs., viz.:

John White. Jno. C. Rogers. Robt. Chapman, } by N. T. Green.
Thos. W. Rainey. David McDaniel.
Abner Robertson. W. B. Cunningham. Wm. Townes.

No. 4. For Spring Meeting of 1841. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each h, $250 ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. W. Polk names Imp. ch f. *Variellетta*, by The Colonel, out of Imp. Variella.
2. Nathl. T. Green names —— by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Duane's dam.
3. J. C. Rogers names b. c. *Philo Alston*, by Imp. Priam, out of Lady Rowland by Tariff.
4. David McDaniel names ch. c *Inca*, by Andrew, out of Vashti's dam.
5. W. McCargo names ch. c. by Prophet, out of sister to Fanny Hill (Chas. Charter's d.)
6. Col. Wade Hampton names b. c. *Ruby*, by Imp. Rowton, out of Bay Maria, own sister to Black Maria and Shark.
7. O. P. Hare names —— by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Pera.
8. W. H. E. Merritt and Jas. French name gr. c. by Imp. Rowton, out of Andrewetta's d.

No. 5. Spring Meeting, 1843. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Imp. Delphine and Imp. Hibiscus.
2. Also, produce of Charlotte Russe and Imp. Priam.
3. J. M. Bryant names produce of Martha Leith by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Leviatha n
4. J. C. Rogers names produce of Polly Peachem by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
5. David McDaniel names produce of Lady Biller by Marion, and Imp. Priam.
6. Jno. White (of Jackson, N. C.)
7. P. A. Prindle names produce of Aggy-down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
8. R. B. Cunningham names produce of Lady Mayo by Van Tromp, and Imp. Rowton.
9. Geo. Goodwyn names produce of Lady Nancy and Imp. Priam.
10. David McDaniel names produce of a Napoleon mare and Imp. Priam.
11. Jas. W. Williamson names produce of a Sir Archy mare and Benbow.
12. P. M. Bryant and Jos. Bryant name produce of Grey Momus' dam by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. J. W. Williamson and Capt. Eubanks name produce of Sally Eubanks and Imp. Priam.
14. W. H. E. Merritt & Brother name produce of Sophia and Imp. Priam.
15. Wm. McCargo names produce of Fanny Hill (Chas. Carter's dam) and Imp. Priam.

No. 6. Poststake for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, with $500 added by the Proprietor, Three mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st of March, 1840. To be run at the Spring Meeting of 1840.

7. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st July, 1840. Four or more to make a race. Now two subs. To be run the Fall Meeting of 1840. DAVID McDANIEL.

Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 24, 1840.—[feb1

MOBILE (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING over the *Bascombe Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 10th March, 1840, and continue five days.

Great Sweepstakes, Four mile heats.—On the first day, the one preceding the regular Jockey Club Races, will be run a great Sweepstakes, Four mile heats, free for all ages, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., and to which the proprietor will add a splendid Silver Cup, valued at $500. To name and close on or before 1st March, 1840. Three or more to make a race. The following have already subscribed:—

R. H. Long. Wm. G. Haun. T. Watson.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. Closed on the 1st Feb., with four subscribers, viz.:

1. Col. Thos. Watson names ch. c. *John Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar.
2. H. A. Tayloe names b. c. *John Howard*, by Imp. Priam, out of Lady Fly by Grey-tail.
3. Boardman & McLaran name ch. c. *Shamrock*, by St. Patrick, out of Imp. Delight.
4. J. J. Burton names br. c. *Tom Leefe*, by Imp. Leviathan—Black Sophia by Topgallant.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $100, added to a subscription of $25 each, Mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake, free for all ages, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, P. P. To close on or before the 1st March, 1840.

☞ Entries for the above stakes may be forwarded to the Secretary or Proprietor.

The ensuing Spring Meeting promises to prove of most unusual attraction.

☞ Five or six of the best stables in the South West will winter in Mobile, and thus insure a large field for every race. The stakes are numerous and varied, the purses large, and the known excellence and quickness of the course will naturally attract vast numbers of horses to compete for them, thus ensuring fame and profit to the winners, with sport and excitement to the public.

DAVID STEPHENSON, *Proprietor.*
F. K. WEST, *Secretary.* Dec. 28.

SWEEPSTAKES, WASHINGTON, D C.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to come off over the *Washington Course* at the Spring Meeting of 1840:—

No. 1. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft; four or more to make a race; Two mile heats; to name and close 1st of April, 1840.

No. 2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close as above.

No. 3. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race; to close as above.

This stake is confined to nags bred or owned in Maryland or the District of Columbia at this time. Entries to the above stakes to be addressed to the Proprietor.

The races over the Washington Course will as usual commence on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days. Good purses will be offered, of which due notice will be given. WILLIAM HOLMEAD, *Proprietor.*

Washington, D C., Dec. 10, 1839.—[dec14]

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Seven subscribers, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Imp. Leviathan.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.
6. Balie Peyton names produce of Black Maria and Imp. Leviathan.
7. John R. Grymes names produce of Susan Yandell and Imp. Leviathan. [j18]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

TO THE COCKERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE Cockers of Hagerstown, Washington County, and State of Maryland, will close a main of cocks between this date and the first day of March next, for $2500 the odd fight, against any party that will plank up, to shew 31 cocks, from 4.12 to 6.4—forfeit $1000, the forfeit to be placed in any solvent bank in the United States. To fight any established rules the opposing party may name.

The Main to be fought at Hagerstown. For further particulars, direct to
Jan. 11. J. H. RAGAN, Hagerstown, Md.

FOR SALE,

THE well-known Trotting horse AWFUL. For particulars apply at the New York Hippona, 65 and 67 Watt street. CODDINGTON & McMANUS.
New York, December 28, 1839.

NEW ORLEANS RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE New Orleans Races, over the *Eclipse Course*, will commence on Wednesday, the 18th of March next, and continue one week. The purses, which will as usual be liberal, will be made known hereafter. Y. N. OLIVER.

New Orleans, Jan. 6, 1840.—[jy18]

SWEEPSTAKES, OPELOUSAS, La.

SWEEPSTAKES for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, to be run on the day previous to the Fall Meeting of 1840, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close 1st March, 1840; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber, viz:—H. Carlin. [dec14]

Persons wishing to subscribe will address E. W. TAYLOR, *Sec'y.*

SETTERS WANTED.

TWO very fine Setters are wanted at This Office. They must be well broke, young and handsome. Application may be made (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of The Spirit of the Times.

A well bred *Setter Slut* is also wanted, to breed from. She must have been a good performer herself, and from a well known stock. Dec. 21.

WATKINS & ASKHAM,

FRENCH AND ENGLISH TAILORS AND DRAPERS, No. 61 Nassau Street, New York, and 180 Regent Street, London. Uniforms and Fancy Dresses. Diplomatique and other Appointments. Prices extremely low for cash. [dec14]

VALUABLE LANDS IN ARKANSAS FOR SALE.

I WILL sell on accommodating terms, and long credit, the following lands, viz.: an undivided half of—

1. The N. ½ of Sec. 32 T. 12 N. R. 4 W. containing 320 acres.
2. S. W. fl. ¼ (S. of W. R.) of Sec. 28 " 135 "
3. S. E. fl. ¼ (S. of Sloo) " Sec. 29 " 74 "

These lands lie in the Oil Trough Bottom, and are of the finest quality—Tracts No. 1 and 3 are better known as the "Manly place,"—Tract No. 2 is the one on which John W. Childress, Esq. now resides

4. N. W. ¼ of Sec. 11 T 4 W. Oil Trough—superior land, 160 acres.
5. S. W. ¼ " " 1 " " " " "
6. S. W. ¼ " " 3 " " " " "
7. W. ½ 32 10 N. 7 W. on Little Red River,—part of this tract first rate, 320 6 Lots in "Noland's addition" to the Town of Batesville, lying immediately in rear of Wm. Dickinson's premises.

Also, some superior, well bred brood mares, with Volcano, and Tom Fletcher foals.
Batesville, Arks., Dec. 14th, 1839—[feb1] C. F. M. NOLAND.

SWEEPSTAKES, UNION COURSE, L. I.

Spring, 1840, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of April next.

Spring, 1840, for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race, and second best to draw his stakes if four start. To name and close 1st of April next.

Fall, 1840, for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. To close 1st of April next.

Fall, 1840, for 4 yr. olds, Four mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race, and second best to draw his stakes if four start. To name and close 1st of April next.

Spring, 1841, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, confined to the get of Trustee, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; four or more to make a race. To name and close 7th of June, 1840. Now four subscribers.

Fall, 1841, for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., declaration of $50 forfeit by the 1st of Jan., 1841; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of April next.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped 1840, to run Spring 3 years old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., declaration of forfeit $50, by the 1st of January, 1843; four or more to make a race. To close 7th of June, 1840.

In addition to the above, stakes are open for all ages, both Spring and Fall. Gentlemen wishing to make nominations will please address "To the Secretary of the New York Jockey Club, New York City."

New York, Feb. 6, 1840.—[feb8]

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville (Tenn.) Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 yrs. old, for $2000 each, half forfeit, or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three mile heats;* to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit witnin one month after notice of said declaration.

This Stake closed on the 1st of Jan last, with Fifteen subscribers, namely:—

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Jas. Jackson names ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Waxlight by Imp. Leviathan.
2. Saml. Ragland names b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Othella's dam.
3. T. Watson names names gr. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Gallopade.
4. Lucius J. Polk names ch. c. *Ambassador*, by Plenipo, out of Imp. Jenny Mills.
5. Rufus K. Polk names Imp. b. f. by The Colonel, out of Imp. Pledge.
6. Nich Davis names ch. c. *Joe Bradley*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Design.
7. Jas. W. Camp names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sally Dancy by Timoleon.
8. E. H. Boardman names b. f. *Premium*, by Imp. Consol, out of an Imp. Woful mare.
9. Wm. H Polk names Imp. ch. c. *John Blevins*, by The Colonel, out of Imp. Trinket.
10. Jesse Cage names gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Fanny Maria by Pacolet.
11. Geo. Elliott names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pacolet.
12. Geo. W. Polk names Imp. b. f. *Daisy*, by Glaucus, out of Imp. Primrose.
13. Chas. Bosley & H. M. Clay name f. by Imp. Philip, out of Melzare's dam.
14. O. Towles names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Molly Long by Stockholder.
15. Wm. Wynn names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr.

THE TRIAL STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville (Tenn.) Course, at the October meeting of 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stake," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st of January, 1842; *Two mile heats;* to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

This Stake closed on the 1st of Jan. last, with Twenty-five subscribers, namely:—

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. James Jackson names produce of Imp. Glencoe and Imp. Gallopade.
2. Samuel Ragland names produce of Othello and Preston's dam by Roanoke.
3. T. Watson names produce of Imp. Glencoe and Imp. Pickle.
4. W. H. Boddie. Nomination not received.
5. L. P. Cheatham names produce of Imp. Priam and Isabella by Sir Archy.
6. Lucius J. Polk names produce of Imp. Ainderby and Imp. Jenny Mills.
7. Wm. H. Polk names produce of Imp. Ainderby and Imp. Trinket.
8. Rufus K. Polk names produce of Imp. Ainderby and Selia Burns by Stockholder.
9. N. Davis names produce of Count Badger and Imp. Design.
10. E. H. Boardman names produce of Imp. Consul and Imp. Plenty.
11. Also, produce of Imp. Consol and Sarah Bell by Sir Archy.
12. Jas. W. Camp names produce of Imp. Leviathan, and Vanity.
13. Hickman Lewis names produce of Imp. Luzborough, and Salome by Imp. Leviathan.
14. H. Dickinson names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Mary Smith.
15. Geo. Elliott names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Hibernia.
16. Alex. Barrow names produce of Imp. Glencoe and Lilac by Imp. Leviathan.
17. T. Kirkman names produce of Imp. Glencoe and Imp. Gutty.
18. Wm. Wynn names produce of Picton and Victoria.
19. Jno. C. Guild names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Proserpine.
20. Jno. C. Rogers names produce of Imp. Priam and Maria West
21. Isaac Lane and Jas. Kirkman name produce of Imp. Glencoe and Imp. ch. mare by Aaron, out of Imp. Schumla.
22. Also, produce of Imp. Glencoe and Harriet by Imp. Leviathan.
23. Thos. J. Hunt names produce of Imp. Ainderby and Black Bird by Arab.
24. W. Hampton names produce of Imp. Priam and Bay Maria, sis. to Shark, etc.
25. Jno. S. Corbin names produce of Priam and Imp. My Lady, Passenger's dam.

HUGH KIRKMAN, Sec'y N. J. C.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 23, 1840.—[feb. 8]

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC.

VERY valuable Property in the City of Raleigh and its vicinity, for sale—FINE BLOOD STOCK, &c.

The subscriber, finding it impossible from his extensive engagements in another State, to devote that time and attention to his business here, requisite to its being properly conducted, offers for sale or rent THE EAGLE HOTEL, in the City of Raleigh, at present occupied by him. The Hotel, as every one knows, acquainted with it, is as desirable property as can be owned, if the Proprietor can give his personal attention to it. It is now thoroughly furnished, and the purchaser or lessee could take immediate possession. Few situations in the United States offer so fine a chance for the profitable investment of money.

Also, a Lot of Ground, containing Six Acres, with a new Dwelling, Stone Stable, and Barn.

Also, a Plantation on Crab Tree Creek, within 2½ miles of Raleigh, containing 678 Acress, and including all necessary buildings for a comfortable residence.

Also, 50 Acres of Wood Land, about four miles from the city, lying near the old Hillsboro' Road.

The above property will be sold on accommodating terms. Persons desirous of owning the whole, or any part thereof, are requested to make early application.

The subscriber also offers for sale the whole of his valuable stock of BLOOD HORSES as follows, viz:

No. 1. *Maria West*, dam of Wagner and Fanny, foaled in 1827, by Marion, dam by Imp. Citizen, now in foal to Imp. Priam. Produce entered in the Trial Stake, Nashville, Tenn., $1000 each, to be run the day previous to the Peyton Stake; also, in the great Produce Stake, to be run over the Louisiana Course, New Orleans, $5000 entrance, four mile heats. Fall of 1843; already five subscribers.

No. 2. *Polly Peachem*, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Chance, foaled in 1828, now in foal to Imp. Priam. Produce entered in the Produce Stake, 1843, mile heats, to be run over the State Course near Raleigh, $1000 entrance; also, at Newmarket, Va., $1000. The number of the subscribers to these Stakes will be published in the "Spirit of the Times" soon after January.

No. 3. *Mary Blunt*, ch. m. by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, foaled in 1833.

No. 4. *Lady Roland*, b. m. by Tariff, dam by Ball's Florizel, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 5. *Mary Ann*, b. m. by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 6. *Lady Chesterfield*, ch. m. foaled in 1830, by Arab, her dam by Imp. Knowsby, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 7. *Lama*, ch. m. foaled in 1830, by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Buzzard, now in foal to Imp. Priam.

No. 8. A Dun Mare, foaled in 1832, by Sir Charles, in foal by Red Wasp.

No. 9. One half ch. f. *Fanny*, by Eclipse, out of No. 1, 3 years old—half owned by Col. HAMPTON, of South Carolina, and now in his possession.

No. 10 *Dolly Thorpe*, b. f. 2 yr. old, by Imp. Shakspeare, out of No. 2—won her Sweepstakes over the State Course near Raleigh, nine subscribers, $200 each.

No. 11. *Rail Road*, gr. c. 2 years old, by Imp. Felt, dam by Young Friday.

No. 12. Half of b. f. *Fanny Dingle*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, foaled in 1837—the other half owned by Maj. Thos. Doswell, Hanover county, Va.

No. 13. A Bay Filly, foaled in 1838, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 4—engaged at Newmarket, Va., 33 subscribers, $300 each; also, at the State Couse, $1000 each. See Spirit of the Times, after January 1st, for number of entries.

No. 14. A Bay Filly, foaled in 1838, by Lyman, out of No. 5—engaged at Newmarket Va., 33 subscribers, $300 each, Spring 3 yr. olds.

No. 15. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Andrew, out of No. 1—engaged in the great Peyton Stake for $150,000, and is considered one of the most promising entries in the Stake.

No. 16. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 5.

No. 17. Bay Filly, foaled in 1839, by Imp. Priam, out of No. 6.

The whole of the above Stock of Blood Horses will be sold at Public Sale, on the 1st day of July next, in the City of Raleigh if not privately sold before that time.

Applications, personally or by letter, can be made, until the day of sale, at Raleigh, N. C.

J. C. ROGERS.

Raleigh, Jan. 1, 1840.—[jan25]

VALUABLE IMPORTED RACING STOCK FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers to dispose of the following fashionably bred *imported* Stock at private sale, on reasonable terms.

A *Chesnut mare*, coming 5 yrs., by The Colonel, out of Peri, the dam of the celebrated racer and stallion, *Sir Hercules*, and Capt. STOCKTON's imported horse *Langford*, so well known as a performer on the Northern Turf. This mare gave way in training, but was regarded by Col. HAMPTON, in whose stable she was, as a very superior animal. She has fine size, and will make a capital brood mare.

A *Chesnut filly*, coming 3 yrs., by Actæon, out of Ada (sister to Augusta, the dam of Ipsala) by Woful. She has fine size.

A *Bay filly*, coming 3 yrs., by Emilius, out of Minerva by Merlin, her dam by Walton, out of Lisette by Hambletonian, etc. This filly has not been trained, but is of much promise.

These fillies were imported expressly for me by Col. HAMPTON, of Columbia, and comprise the most fashionable strains of blood on the Turf. Their extended pedigrees may be found on reference to the "English and American Stud Book," the "American Turf Register," and the "Spirit of the Times." The terms of the sale will be made easy. Address

JAMES H. ADAMS.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 27, 1840.—[feb8]

CANADIAN STALLION WANTED.

A LIBERAL price will be paid for a handsome thorough-bred CANADIAN STALLION, to breed from. He must have fine action, and be able to pace, rack, or trot a mile in 2:40. The advertiser is indifferent as to color, provided there are no white legs, but requires that the horse shall be at least fifteen hands and one inch high, and gentle under the saddle and in harness.

Address JOHN TAYLOR, Jr., 72 Beaver Street, New York. Feb. 8—4t*

TROTTING STALLIONS WANTED.

LIBERAL prices will be paid for two Stallions of fine size and good action, from which to breed superior Carriage Horses. It is not required that they should be thoroughbred, but they must be at least 15½ hands high, and able to trot a mile in four minutes. Bays would be preferred; any other color would not be an insuperable objection, provided they were fine in every other respect. Letters containing a description, stating price, etc., will be attended to if addressed (post paid) to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. Dec. 21.

FOR SALE,

A FIRST RATE TRAINER, 27 years of age. Any person wishing to buy, may apply to J. S. Garrison, City Hotel, New Orleans, La., or Thos. Watson, Alabama Hotel, Mobile. Feb. 1.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following choice stock, of pure blood and unexceptionable pedigree, is offered for sale, viz.:

No. 1. *Nancy Norwood*, (dam of Atalanta,) by Thornton's Rattler, out of a Bonaparte mare, she out of a double crossed Medley mare; now 14 years old, and in foal to Priam.

2. *Camilla*, out of Nancy Norwood by Sussex; now 6 years old, and open.

3. A bay filly, out of Camilla by Priam, now at the foot, finely pointed, and large of her age.

4. *Maid of Northampton*, a grey filly, out of Nancy Norwood by Autocrat, now 3 years old, and winner of the Maryland produce stake over the National Course in Oct. last.

5. *Violetta*, out of Lady Telegraph by Oscar Junior, now 4 years old, and in foal to Imp. John Bull.

Together with a number of others, male and female, of pure and undoubted pedigrees. As the pedigrees of this stock have long since been published both in the "Turf Register" and "Spirit of the Times," a reference to those papers will satisfy the most scrupulous of the entire purity and value of the lot. Any gentleman or company of gentlemen who may desire to purchase the lot, or any portion thereof, can obtain every information by addressing the subscriber through the Bladensburg post office, Maryland.

Dec. 16, 1839—[dec21] SAML. SPRIGG.

RACING STABLE FOR SALE.

IN consequence of ill health, which renders it impossible for me to devote my attention to the management of the training stable; I will offer at Public Sale (if not privately disposed of) at the St. Charles Exchange Hotel, New Orleans, on the day previous to the Spring Meeting of 1840, the following blood stock. The terms will be made known on the day of sale.

1. Ch. h. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.
2. Gr. f. *Queen of Trumps*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.
3. Ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, 4 yrs.
4. Ch. f. *Mango*, by Taurus, out of Imp Pickle, 3 yrs.
5. Ch. c. *John Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine by Oscar, 3 yrs.
6. B. f. *Caroline Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.

Persons wishing to purchase at private sale will please address to me at Mobile, where the horses can be seen until a few days previous to the sale.

Mobile, Ala., Dec. 26, 1839.—[jan18] THOS. WATSON.

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street Albany.

WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*

Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

BROOD MARES FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has in Kentucky two fine brood mares, both having had colts by Mingo, and both again in foal by him. They accompanied him when sent to that State, and it was the intention of the undersigned to keep and breed from them so long as Mingo remained in Ky. As it will be impossible to get them back to Pennsylvania before the Fall, the subscriber is induced to offer them for sale. To Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, near Lexington, on the Maysville road, and Mr. J. HOWARD SHEFFER, of Childsburg, Fayette County, reference may be made for price, terms, &c. The pedigrees of the mares are annexed:—

DUCHESS OF BERRY, a bay mare, by John Richards, bred by me, foaled on the 21st day of June, 1830. Her dam a chesnut mare, Grand Duchess, by Gracchus, (he by Imp. Diomed,) bred by the late John Randolph, Esq., of Roanoke, Virginia, and foaled in 1814; her dam, the English imported mare Duchess, bred by the Duke of Grafton, got by Grouse (son of Highflyer, out of Georgiana, own sister to Conductor, by Matchem,) her dam by Magnet, (son of King Herod,) great grandam (sister to Johnny) by Matchem, (son of old Cade;) g. g. grandam by Babraham (son of Godolphin Arabian;) g. g. g. grandam by Croft's old Partner (son of Jig); g. g. g. g. grandam by Bloody Buttocks (called also the Speedy Stallions, a favorite in Mr. Croft's stud at Barforth;) her dam by Greyhound, out of Brocklesby Betty, ("the best runner of her day,") who was got by the Curwen Bay Barb, out of Mr. Leed's Hoby mare, by the Lister Turk.

The above mare produced a bay colt by Mingo, Spring of 1839, and is again with foal by him. She is very handsome, of fair size, lengthy, healthy, and a sure breeder. Her colt by Mingo is uncommonly handsome, and at seven months old he measured, by an accurate standard, 13 hands and over 2 inches high. In form he is symmetrical.

A CHESNUT MARE, six years old, by Mambrino (he by American Eclipse.) Her dam by Col. Thomas Minor's Escape, he by Imp. Escape; (see Horns, English Stud Book Vol. 1., page 482;) his dam Miss Marske, by Imp. Bedford; her dam the imported mare Asteria, by Balloon (see English Stud Book); Escape or Horns was by Precipitate, out of a full sister of the imported horse Buzzard. Gasteria was by Balloon, her dam by Marske, grandam Cremona, by Regulus—Traveller—Hip—Snake; imported by Col. Hoomes, of Va. The Chesnut mare's grandam Young Adeline (bred, I believe, by Col. Tayloe,) by Topgallant, g. grandam Adeline (Col. Tayloe's, that won ten races out of eleven, most of them four mile heats, against capital horses,) by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. grandam by Whistle Jacket, g. g. g. grandam by old Rockingham, g. g. g. g. grandam by Old Cub, g. g. g. g. g. grandam the famous old Lady Northumberland.

This mare produced a chesnut colt by Mingo, Spring of 1839, very strong, and very handsome, and she is again with foal by the same horse. She is of fine size, roomy, healthy, and a sure breeder.

C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, Jan. 27, 1840—[feb1]

EMILIUS TO LET, GRATIS.

THIS horse—color, bay brown, with a blaze, black legs, mane and tail, was got by Eclipse, out of Green's Filho da Puta mare—pedigree of her below. He was foaled in 1831. To be brief, there is no horse possessed of finer limbs and feet—his chest was cramped in his trainings from the 2 yr. old form to his 5th year by the girth—always kept to the same notch, in spite of remonstrance.

He ran at 2 yrs. old against Floranthe, mile heats, for $100 and although he was taught nothing, and merely played in the race, lost it—time, 1:5[illegible].

The next week Cora paid him forfeit, $500. In the sweepstakes, Spring 3 yrs. old, he ran second. In the Autumn, he was second to Vertumnus, mud hoof-deep, and then challenged Vertumnus to run for $1000, three days after—the wet continuing, he lost by a neck. At Trenton, Spring '38, he ran two mile heats against Tom Moore and Middlesex, and although in the first heat he struck a pebble stone and burst his nigh fore foot half an inch horizontally on the border of the hair, yet by the advice of John Stevens, Esq., the owner let him run the second heat, in which he beat Middlesex, and lapped Tom Moore, though on the back stretch, half a mile from home, (where he struck the pebble,) he had opened a gap of 20 to 30 yards.

The owner is not desirous to sell Emilius at present, but will let any honorable man have his services gratuitously the ensuing season, that will use the horse properly, and keep him a year if required. Apply at this office.

Pedigree of the dam of Emilius.—She was bred by the late John Pickersgill, of Yorkshire, England—was foaled in 1825, and imported by Charles Green, Esq., of this city. She was got by Filho da Puta, out of the Young Woodpecker mare (sister to Rosetta) bred by Mr. Long Kinsman, in 1802—her dam Edity, by Dungannon—Justice—Regulus—Starling—Snap's dam, etc. Her sire, Filho, foaled in 1812, was got by Haphazard, out of Sapu (afterwards Mrs. Barnet) by Waxy—, dam the Woodpecker mare bred by the Duke of Bedford in 1786. See Skinner's General Stud Book, pp. 864, 714, 517.

The *half* of *Manhattan*, out of the dam of Emilius, was sold to Col. WM. R. JOHNSON, of Virginia, at the rate of $4000. Feb. 15.

TORNADO.

THIS high bred race horse will stand the present season at the stable of the subscriber, Union Course, Long Island, at $20 the season, to commence 20th Feb., and end July 1st; the money to be paid in all cases at the time of serving, or before the mares are taken away.

Tornado is a light chesnut, nearly 16 hands high, of great muscular power, and in high racing form, resembling his sire (American Eclipse) in every point—5 yrs. old this spring.

Pedigree.—Tornado was bred by Robt. L. Stevens, Esq., of New York, and foaled in May, 1835, in England—his dam the celebrated race mare Polly Hopkins—having been sent there in foal to Eclipse, for the purpose of breeding her to the best English horses. Polly Hopkins was got by Virginian, her dam by Imp. Archduke—g. dam by Imp. Obscurity—g. g. d. the celebrated Sidnerkin by Imp. Wildair. See Eng. & Am. Stud Book, page 1071. His sire, Eclipse, was got by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp Messenger—her dam the Imp. Pot-8-o' mare, etc.

Performances.—Tornado arrived at New York, fall of 1837, then 2 yr. old, after a long passage, badly bruised, and scarcely able to walk from long standing on board ship, consequently was not broke till the spring following, when in consequence of numerous engagements in produce stakes, he was trained; but the effect of the voyage was seen so plainly, that he was turned out and allowed to run one year. To show the opinion his owner had of him, he was the only horse reserved past 3 yrs. old, out of a draft of fifteen from his stable.

Spring of 1839 then 4 yrs. old. he was trained, and realised the expectations of his owner. He was entered for the two mile purse, Union Course, against Hornblower and others, but in consequence of a match made the evening before the race, to run next day after, he was drawn after one heat.

Next day in a match, mile heats, against Mr. Gibbons' *Saracen*, Tornado won handily in two heats, time, 1:53½—1:54½.

Next week, at Hoboken, in a match, two mile heats, against Mr. O. P. Hare's *Champaign*, Tornado won at two heats, time, 3:57—3:50.

Second Spring Meeting, Union Course, started for the three mile purse against Trenton and Vashti. In running for the first heat of this race, the rider of Tornado was ordered to lay up, which he did very properly till the last straight side. Here his jockey, from a fancy of his own, or from some new order (not given by the owner of the horse), then made a rush for the heat, Trenton at that time being about 50 or 75 yards in advance of him, and only lost the heat by two feet. After this heat he was found to be lame, but started for the second, and broke down in company with Vashti, after running two miles and a half.

He is now offered to Breeders, with the hope and expectation of his getting stock, not to be excelled for size, strength, and racing qualities. It is thought by good judges that he will cross well with mares that have produced runners from Monmouth Eclipse, both being from one sire, and nearly related on the dam's side.

The best care will be taken of mares sent to him, but no liability for accidents or escapes, should any possibly occur. JOHN DREW.

Union Course, L. I., Feb. 15, 1840.—[feb 15–tf]

IMPORTED HIBISCUS.

WILL make his next season at the Farm near the Washington race Course, Charleston, South Carolina, and will be put to mares at $40 the season, and $1 to the groom, to be paid in every instance before the mares are served.

Hibiscus is a beautiful bay, without white, 15 hands 3 inches high, of great length, and fine action. He was bred by Lord Exeter, and was foaled in 1834; he was got by Sultan, out of Duchess of York by Waxy, out of Moses' dam by Gohanna, out of Grey Skin by Woodpecker—Herod, &c. His sire, Sultan, ranked higher in England than any stallion of his day in the kingdom, and his dam unites most of the favorite crosses of this country, as her pedigree will show. For particulars see Racing Calendar of 1837 and '38.

The season will commence on the 1st of February, and end on the 1st of July. Mares will be well fed at 50 cents per day, and separate lots provided for such as have young foals. Every care will be taken to prevent accidents, but no responsibility should any occur.

Hibiscus is a horse of the purest pedigree, and in high racing form, exceedingly handsome, and the low price at which his services are offered to the public, will, it is hoped, insure him a liberal patronage. For particulars address his proprietor at the Queen st stables, Charleston. [Jan.11] GEORGE FRYER.

IMPORTED AUTOCRAT.

AUTOCRAT will be continued the next season (1840) at his present stand, within two miles of Clarksville, Tenn. He will serve mares at *Sixty dollars* the season, *Seventy-five dollars* ($75) to insure, and *One dollar* to the groom. Mares will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain at the customary price Every attention will be paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

JAMES McCLURE & CO.

N. B. The owners of Autocrat are induced to make this early publication from the circumstance of their having received several applications from gentlemen residing in Maryland and Virginia to obtain his services. And as the arrangements of the company are such as to prevent their compliance with their requests, they have concluded the above to be the most proper means of conveying their intentions.

Autocrat will be limited to Fifty-five pay mares. JAMES McCLURE & CO.

Clarksville, Tenn., Sept. 1st, 1839—[sept21–5m]

IMPORTED FELT.

THIS highly bred and most brilliant racer and stallion will cover mares the ensuing season at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 the season (with $1 to the groom), payable within the season. Good accommodations are provided for all mares sent to the horse, which will be well fed at fifty cents each per day, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, though all caution will be used to prevent them.

As a racer, his career was brilliant in the extreme. He won a large number of races at fashionable courses, and beat the best horses of the day; among them, Halston, Fylde, Clotilde, Frederick (winner of the Derby), Dr Faustus (three times, and he beat Leviathan), Guido, Bolivar, Lady Sarah, Tamboff, Sarah Getriever, and many others. He was supposed by his handicappers to be equal to Fylde sire of Steel and Billy Townes, after giving him two years advantage in weight.

He won in one year five gold cups, and several other races, frequently giving weight to everything in the races; and so splendid was his running, that it induced the English sportsmen to re-import his sire Langar, at present one of the most successful stallions of the day. At 3 yrs. old he won all his races except the St. Leger, won by Rowton, to whom Felt was close up, though "as stale as a town tap."

He won at 4 yrs old the Tradesmen's Cup at Chester, 28 subscribers, beating a large field. The Gold Cup at Newton, three miles, 15 subs. The Tradesmen's Cup at Liverpool, two miles, 59 subs. The Gold Cup at Preston, three miles and more, 13 subs. The Rover Stakes at Knutsford, 11 subs. The Gold Cup at Holywell, three miles, nine subs., and the same day the Pengwern Stakes, seven subs.

He won many other races, and among them a Gold Cup at 3 yrs. old, two miles, beating Robin Hood, Brunswick, Zodiac, and others, 12 subs.

Felt is a rich bay horse, about fifteen hands three inches high, and bears a strong resemblance to Langar (his sire) in form, marks, size, action, and appearance, except color; Langar has nearly the same white marks, but is a chesnut. He is a very powerful horse in all respects, and his colts are, in Virginia, very superior and promising as 3 yr. olds.

Felt was got by Langar (sire of Ess, Pilgrim, &c.), out of Steam by Waxy Pope—Miss Stavely by Shuttle—Drone—Matchem—Jocasta by Cornforth's Forester—sister to Young Cade, out of Miss Partner—sister to the dam of Matchem.

Langar, re-imported on account of Felt's high character, was got by Selim (sire of Sultan, lately covering at 50 sovs. out of a Walton mare, out of Young Giantess, dam of Sorcerer, and grandam of Prian, Muley, and Phantom, and g. g. dam of Bay Middleton.

Waxy Pope (winner of the Derby) was by Waxy, the best son of Pot-8-o's—the best son of Eclipse—out of Prunella by Highflyer—dam of Parasol, Penelope, and nine others of rare excellence. Whalebone, Whisker, and others, are from Penelope

All the colts from Felt's dam ran well. He won about $15,000, and Fang, his own brother, sold for about $25,000 as was supposed. He is very nearly allied to Priam, Bay Middleton, Queen of Trumps, Plenipo, and through Economist to Harkaway, being the very best in England. The only two of his stock which have appeared on our turf are Langford, his own nephew on the dam's side, and Passenger, by Langar, his half brother on the sire's side, except a 2 yr. old filly, a winner.

Excepting Priam, a horse of more reputation as a racer cannot be found in America, and no horse can have a better, and few, very few, an equal pedigree. He needs no other recommendation for judicious breeders to patronise him.

JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

[F. 15]

BELSHAZZAR.

THIS splendid English Stallion will make his present season (1840) at the stable of the subscriber, Franklin, Tenn., at $75 the season, and $125 to insure; with $1 cash to the groom, in every case. The season will commence 15th February, and expire 1st July. All persons who may patronise him are requested before the season closes, to execute their notes, payable 1st January, 1841; at which time the money for his services will be due. For the insurance, the money will be claimed as soon as the mare is ascertained to be in foal, or transferred. Mares entrusted to my care, will be furnished with good pastures, and well fed with grain, at $1,25 per week; and every attention paid to insure their being in foal; also to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability in case of either.

Belshazzar is a rich chesnut, with no white except a small star, and a little white on his off hind foot; full 16 hands high, of fine length and reach, head and neck of such exquisite form and beauty, as to please the most captious and fault finding; a shoulder resembling English Eclipse's, (one of his renowned ancestors,) very extensive and well laced back, and loin truly fine; limbs as clean and flinty as those of the deer, and a sky coat of hair. Take him altogether, he is a horse of high racing form, and is remarkable for his gaiety, beauty, and symmetry; and need only to be looked upon, to be admired.

For further information as to pedigree and performances, reference is made to the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, page 154, of the March No., 1839.

Jan. 11.—[tlmy] WM. P. CAMPBELL, Agent for the owners.

THE SYRIAN ARAB, SHERIFF PACHA.

THIS splendid Arabian was imported by Commodore J. D. Elliott, in the Frigate Constitution, August, 1838. Sheriff Pacha is amongst the finest specimens of Arabian blood ever landed on this continent; he is a blood bay of rich color, 15 hands 1¼ inches high, 6 years old; his deep chest, bones, form, and strength of limb, according with M. Sue's description of the celebrated "Godolphin" Arabian, the Father of the English Turf. Sheriff Pacha having, however, superiority in size and color, as also in point of origin, he being a Nedjdi, the Godolphin but a Barb. This horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from an Egyptian officer in the Staff of Sheriff Pacha, Viceroy of Syria, in the summer of 1837, at Damascus, and was selected from a number in the Viceroy's stable.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Beyrout, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

Thanks be to God, the Creator of the Universe. On this day, which is the blessed Sunday, 16th Iemad the first, 1251 of Hagira, Mustafa Aga, of Damascus, has purchased from Hagi Aly the Aleppine, the red horse called Nedjdi Arrawy, very well known to be from the Arabs of Atrah, and to his sire and dam a great many testimonials are given from the Arabs of Dawleh, the neighbors of the Arabs of Atrah. According to the testimony of every one of these faithful witnesses, who have given their names below, and who are honest and true, the said horse is a real Nedjdi, a descendant of his sire and dam the red mare Nedjdi; and he is delivered to Mustafa Aga in good and perfect health and condition, and the price has been paid to the owner to his entire satisfaction. Now the aforesaid horse has been delivered up to the possession and charge of Mustafa Aga as his lawful property. And this present contract has been written in the presence of the persons who have put down their testimony below.

Witnesses to the above— AHMED AGA ATHMAN (L. S.)
ABDEL KADER TUBBAA (L.S.)
EL SHAIK MOOSA (L.S.)

The foregoing is a true and faithful translation from the original in Arabic. In witness whereof. [SEAL] J. CHASSEAND, United States Consul.

Beyrout, 2d September, 1837.

Sheriff Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $75 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis, grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liabilities for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm, 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

THE BEDOUIN ARAB, IBRAHIM PACHA.

THIS beautiful Arab horse was obtained by Commodore Elliott from the Neapolitan Consul at Joppa, Palestine, in the summer of 1835, and imported by him in the corvette John Adams, August, 1836. He is a dark iron grey, with a silvery mane and tail, is 15 hands high, and seven years old; he is closely and compactly formed, with elastic and graceful gait, shewing the sinew and muscle so peculiar to the famous Merlano breed.

Pedigree.—The Pedigree of this horse is in the original Arabic, with a translation attested by the Consular Seal of the American Consul at Jerusalem, and is in possession of Commodore Elliott.

(TRANSLATION.)

We, the undersigned, do declare that the horse which Mr. Elliott, Ameriban Commodore, bought from us, is a Merlano of the Bedouin horses, of the race of Sirbaa, and in consequence, this declaration is written for the Commodore, so that he may be satisfied that the said horse is really Bedouin; in faith of which we give the present affirmation.

Signed ACHMED EL SAID MASTAFANI.
ACHMED EL EBAB.

Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252.

I, the undersigned, do testify that the horse above mentioned, which Commodore Elliott bought at Joppa is a Bedouin horse, of a famous Merlano race and in consequence I hereby give the present testimonial.

[SEAL] MURAD ARTIN,
Jucaricato, as American Consul for Joppa and Jerusalem.

Joppa, 15 Gerwad Acher, 1252.

Ibrahim Pacha will stand the ensuing season at Solitude Farm, 4 miles south of Cheek's Cross Roads, Jefferson Co., East Tennessee, at $50 the season, insuring foal. Good upland pasturage for mares gratis; grain fed and groomed $5 per month. Every possible care taken, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

J. GRAY SMITH, Agent for the Proprietors.

Solitude Farm 9th Oct., 1839.—[nov 23]

MONARCH.

THIS celebrated Racer will make his first season, under the direction of Mr. William A. Stewart, at Col. WADE HAMPTON's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, South Carolina, and be let to mares at One Hundred Dollars the season, to be paid in every instance before the mare is served.

By reference to the sporting periodicals of the day, Monarch's extended pedigree and performances may be seen. During his short but brilliant career on the Turf, he has never encountered any thing either in *public* or *private*, that could afford him a trial. He was bred at Hampton Court, by his Majesty William IV., and was foaled in 1834. He was got by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker. He has started seven times, and never lost a heat.

Extensive Rye and Grass Pastures are provided for mares, with separate lots for such as may have young foals. Mares well fed at fifty cents per day, to be paid before they are removed. Such mares as may not prove in foal to Monarch the first season, will be entitled the second to a season gratis to him or such other horse as may occupy his stand. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur. Season to commence the 1st of February, and terminate the 1st of July.

Columbia, S. C., Dec. 1, 1839.—[dec21]

N.B. Black servants boarded gratis; having no accommodations for white ones, they must board in Columbia or elsewhere.

FRANKLIN HOTEL, TUSCUMBIA, Ala.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has opened the above establishment for the reception of Ladies and Gentlemen. A share of the custom of the travelling community is solicited.

Dec. 28 L. G. GARRETT, *Proprietor.*

S. J. SYLVESTER'S

STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE, is *not* removed, but continues at 22 Wall Street and 130 Broadway, at which office he has been established for the last 15 years.

Uncurrent Money taken at the lowest market rates, and if sent from abroad, proceeds can be drawn at sight, or remittance will be returned according to instructions.

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Bills of Exchange, Bank of England notes, and all desc

Play

THIS EVENING, Feb. 22—A
Troupe will appear.
MONDAY, Feb. 24—THE LOVE S.
TUESDAY, Feb. 25—FRA DIAVOL
WEDNESDAY, Feb. 26—Mr. PLAC
THURSDAY, Feb. 27—LA SONNAM
FRIDAY, Feb. 28—Mr. GIUBELEI'S.

Things

The Park Theatre.—On Monday last Spell, or the Mountebank of Ravenna," (Reynoldson,) was revived at this house, w as *Dr Dulcamara*, MANVERS as *Nemorino* The music is of an unusually pleasing char. a degree. there is nothing in the opera whic or peculiarly striking; as a whole, however, Poole has never appeared to more advantage parison with CARADORI ALLAN'S. The duett bet demand of yon light zephyr,") in the 1st act, wa *carubla a due voci*, "I have riches, thou hast bel mara, Adina, and Nemorino, invariably brings down Adina omitted the aria, "Stop with the friends wi fatigue, we presume, several concerted pieces havi Nemorino of Manvers was a capital performance; we seen him play with so much spirit, and the quality and w voice was never more apparent or more applauded. T. her dark eye," with the Bassoon accompaniment, was un music of Dr. Dulcamara affords little scope for the splendid but was executed in the most surpassing style; the part wa dressed and played. The Military Duetto, between the Do Belcour ("Twenty crowns! eh?") was rapturously encored; it finest things in the opera, but the theme, we regret to say, is a Elvino's "False one I love thee still," in La Sonnambula. The Martyn was so well done that he deserves promotion, and probably it immediately, a swab on the left shoulder having given place to the epaulettes of a Colonel! Badinage apart, the Sergeant was very cle his music and his acting. The choruses were perfect throughout, and th instrumentation every thing that could be wished. The first chorus, "Ah Eli most divine," was encored, as was also the grand finale to the 1st A with the trumpet obligato. The latter is the gem of the opera. At the fa of the curtain, on Monday, the principal characters were called out. Each night, the audience has comprised a great number of musical amateurs, and the opera has been received with the utmost satisfaction.

Since the foregoing was written, we have heard this charming opera a third time, and with renewed satisfaction. To the surprise of every one who has attended the performance of it, the audiences have been unusually thin, being composed almost entirely of musical amateurs. It is quite unaccountable why this opera,—one of the most pleasing that has been got up this season,—should not have been more attractive. It cannot have been owing to the opposition Concerts, for they have been failures.

The benefits of those meritorious favorites, Miss CUSHMAN and RICHINGS, though not so substantial as we could have wished, were infinitely better attended than any houses during the week. Ranger, who was to appear on the occasion of the first, has not reached town.

Last evening the sublime opera of *Fidelio*, was produced with the original cast, but our paper will have gone to press before the curtain rises.

Mr. SIMPSON'S benefit is announced to take place on the 4th of March, when we anticipate the most brilliant and crowded house of the season.

An engagement has been made with Miss SHIRREFF and WILSON to appear at the Park on the 9th proximo. It is understood their engagement will commence with the opera of "*The Postillion*," and that "Amilie" will be got up for them.

A correspondent suggests that the manager revives "the Marriage of Figaro" for his benefit, with the following cast:—Susannah, Miss Shirreff; Countess, Mrs. Martyn; Cherubino, Miss Poole; Count, Mr. Wilson; Figaro, Mr. Giubelei; Gardener, Mr. Placide, &c., &c.

The Olympic.—The travestie of "Hamlet," with "The Roof Scrambler," and "Old Crummles" continue to furnish the most powerful attraction. Mitchell and Corbyn have only to persevere in their present plan of operations, give general satisfaction to the public and acquire a competency.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

In alluding to the recent debut made at Richmond, by a young lady of this city, we were misinformed as to her identity. Her name is E——A T——R. From the annexed paragraph, quoted from the "Compiler" of that city, it will be seen that Miss T.'s success was highly flattering:—

THEATRE.—A large and fashionable audience attended the Theatre on Wednesday evening, (25th ult.,) to witness the debut of the young lady, of New York, announced for *Letitia Hardy*, in the "Belle's Stratagem." The task she had assumed was of no ordinary magnitude, and notwithstanding all the disadvantages attendant upon a first appearance, the opinion was universal, that the character was entirely well sustained, and the debut pre-eminently successful. Talent, and an adaptation for an elevated range of comedy, have been developed by this young aspirant for histrionic fame, but she must remember that an arduous profession is before her, the highest honors of which can only be attained by untiring mental and physical cultivation. The comedy was admirably produced; the costume appropriate, and the characters judiciously cast, and thoroughly studied. Mr. Jones' *Doricourt* was a chaste and excellent performance, and Mr. Lambert's *Old Hardy* true to life, and inimitable. The Belle's Stratagem is to be repeated to-night, and will undoubtedly attract a full house.

We understand that Miss T.'s talent bears a close analogy to that of the late Miss VINCENT.

Miss CLIFTON is to play an engagement at the Marshall Theatre next week. She has ever been a great favorite in Richmond; and the manager will produce, during her engagement, a succession of novelties.

Chestnut Street—Philadelphia.—It is said that arrangements are being made by a large number of citizens, to get up a complimentary festival for Mr. Murdock, to express their admiration of his private qualities and public character.

At the Theatre D'Orleans, in New Orleans, they are playing "*Clermonte* ou Une Femme d' Artiste," which is the same piece, we presume, that RANGER was so successful in here last summer.

SCOTT & THORNE opened the Natchez theatre on February 4th. They appear to have an excellent stock company. Among the names we notice those of Mrs. McClure, the celebrated tragic actress, Billy Barlow Wills, the comedian, Miss Petrie, and others not unknown to fame.

Mons. ALEXANDRE has arrived in safety at Havana.

Mrs. SLATER, an actress well known to the Baltimore play-goers, had her arm broken, and was much injured in other respects, by the upsetting of a stage near Holidaysburgh, Pa.

A. ADDAMS, Mary Duff's husband, is playing at Logansport, Ia.

HART has opened the Montgomery, Ala., theatre, The RAVELS are with him.

KENDALL, of the "Picayune," thus speaks of LECOMPTE in La Bayadere:—"Every attitude of Lecompte is a picture; every winding of the scarf would make us wish that she were stricken into stone, that she might be before us forever as a statue, did we not know that the next *pirouette* would bring us something still more beautiful. We see a chaste and finished style in her every step—the *Academie* in all her movements—a perfect freedom, a sort of *abandon* in all she undertakes; and no *danseuse*, who has ever been in the country, undertakes more, or has half the power of execution.

We see it stated, in a southern paper, that PARSONS took a benefit at Vicksburg on New Years' Eve.

Some of the Boston papers are terribly severe on Gov. Morton for having attended the Tremont Theatre one evening since his election.

It is said Gen. Jackson enjoyed himself more, and felt more complimented, by the treatment he received at the Theatre in New Orleans, than at any thing else during his recent visit there.

We have news from Havana up to February 1st. We perceive that at the Opera House, they were playing Recci's piece of Clara de Rosemberg.—Among the singers we notice the names of Mad. Ellerman, Senor Caudi, Pardini, the runaway Valtellina and Degvenis.

BOOTH is still in Washington, where Miss MONIER and JAMES WALLACK, Jr, are also playing. The "National Intelligencer" thinks Wallack is much improved. There was room for it.

SEGUIN and wife, and HORNCASTLE, are giving concerts at Baltimore. Mrs. MAEDER is still playing at the Baltimore Museum, where she is a favorite.

KEAN is still at Charleston, but will soon resign the sceptre to Mrs. FITZWILLIAMS.

VANDENHOFF and son were playing, at last accounts, at Petersburg.

BROUGH, JONES, and Madame OTTO, are singing at Savannah.

Yankee HILL and Miss REYNOLDS are at the Avon Theatre, Norfolk.

The Hungarians are giving concerts at Raleigh, North Carolina.

BALLS has played a short engagement at Vicksburg.

HENRY WALLACK and wife have finished their engagement at Boston, and will soon appear at the Olympic, in this city.

Bills for the Week.

ARK THEATRE.
vorite Opera, in which the whole of the Operatic
PELL, and other entertainments.
O.
DE'S Benefit.
BULA.
Benefit.

Theatrical.

, DONNIZETTI'S opera of "The Love translated from the Italian l'bretto by ith Miss POOLE as *Adina*, GIUBELEI and MARTYN as *Sergeant Belcour*. acter; while light and brilliant to h can be characterized as grand, it gave great satisfaction. Miss her Adina lost nothing in comween her and Nemorino, ("Go a perfect gem, and the *Bar*uty," between Dr. Dulcathe house. On Tuesday, o wish you well," from been repeated. The do not recollect to have olume of his rich tenor he Romanzetta, "In ommonly fine. The organ of Giubelei, also admirably ctor and Sergt. it is one of the larism from rgeant of icipates ashing ver in in- xir t, ll

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of his good taste.

MRS. FITZWILLIA ms.—The National Intelligencer of Wednesday says:—Mrs. Fitzwilliams pe formed at our theatre last Monday night, agreeably to announcement. She afforded as much delight to a full and fashionable audience, of whom a very large proportion were all ladies, as her warmest admirers anticipated. Aft er the performance, Mrs. F. immediately started on her journey to Charleston, by the Southern Mail boat. We hope the managers will be able, before the clo e of the season, to re-engage Mrs. Fitzwilliams.—Her acting never fails to pl ase, and does not lose its captivating qualities by repetition.

Mrs. GIBBS has been engag ed to appear on Monday night next, at the Museum, for the benefit concert o the Marion Hose Company, and will sing "In the days when we went gipsying ;" "Macgregors Gathering," "Rory O'More," "Archer Boy," and "Castle Ha l." It will be her first appearance since her successful tour to the Canadas. Howard, Quayle, Love, the Shaws, &c, are engaged. Philadelphia Courier of last Saturday.

The last concert of the Musical Fun d Hall was well attended; the vocalists were *Miss Poole*, *Guibelei*, and *Manver*. The lady's song of "I'll be no submissive wife," we have rarely heard equ alled. Signor G.'s Cinderella song, "Ye Tormentors," was a gem;—one p rtion of it had an excellent effect; quite a *young* gentleman in the audience ha d provoked much notice and quiet censure, by standing up, during the singing, with his back to the performers, talking and giggling with also quite a *young* la dy. When the singer came to the passage,

"Methought a *jackass* rose befo re me!"

The lad found all eyes upon him, and quickly shrun k into his seat. ib

SHIRREFF & WILSON.—To-night, (Saturday last) at Musical Fund Hall, these popular and very fashionable vocalists, close their present course of concerts. On Monday night last, Mr. Wilson announced to- night's as their "last concert in Philadelphia;" but we hope only for the pre ent. Of Miss S.'s inimitable song of "O, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," when she sings it again, we would suggest that it be announced in the bills, "that to prevent confusion, a *whistler* has been especially engaged for the o casion;" as so many young gentlemen of the audience seem to desire her, by their impertinent whistling, to come to them, that it becomes quite a burlesque. Wilson's "Lass o' Gowrie" is one of the sweetest songs we ever heard.

STAGE TRICKERY.—In a little town in Germany, the managers of a theatre, seeking to draw a full house, lately advertised that in a melo-drama which was to be performed, they would exhibit the head of a noted robber. In order to effect this, one of the actors was placed in such a manner, that his head alone was exhibited on a table; but a merry wag, wishing to raise a laugh at the expense of the poor manager, slily placed a small quantity of snuff in such a manner that it came in contact with the nose of the reputed robber, which threw him into a violent fit of sneezing, to the great astonishment of the audience.

CARTER IN PARIS.

Carter and his Lions have really galvanised Paris. They made their *debut* last Sunday; the houses are immense; there is no wire screen between the beasts and the spectators, and the ardent Parisians get as close as possible to the stage, apparently vieing with each other for the chance of being "*catawampously chawed up.*" *Galignani* speaks thus of the performance:—"The impatience of the crowd to see what may be called, in this case without a figure, the 'lions' of the night, was exhibited by a more than ordinary tumult, which prevented a syllable of the piece which preceded the grand feature of the night being heard; and it was with a perfect fury of delight that the three momentous knocks of the prompter, which serve as the signal of the rising of the curtain, were heard by the audience. At the end of the first act, when the expectation is at its highest pitch, a tiger is seen to spring from a cavern upon a traveller, stretched asleep near the spot. The man roused by the attack defends himself bravely. The tiger furiously seizes him by various parts of the body, and is beaten off; they roll together on the stage in well simulated rage, until at length the forest savage, overcome by human force, is completely mastered, and lies panting and exhausted at the feet of his conqueror. This scene, which has a dash of imagination about it, in addition to a kind of frightful interest, was received, on the first representation, with a perfect delirium of applause, which did not conclude for long after the fall of the curtain. On one occasion the lion slipped, and nearly fell from the platform to the stage, to the no small terror of the orchestra, the side scenes, and perhaps part of the closely packed spectators; but Carter instantly seized him by the neck, and replaced him on the platform with the utmost ease, a feat for which he was loudly cheered. In the other case the curtain, by some accident, did not descend at the proper time, and the lion, probably deeming it an imposition on his good nature to be kept too long waiting, began to growl and look "unutterable things;" but his master, by the mere magic of his eye, restrained the animal from any mischievous demonstration of a more practical kind."

THE EXAMINER OF PLAYS.

"OUR MASTER OF THE REVELS."

[From the London Argus.]

Drury Lane Theatre.—The revival of "Der Freischutz" is, we suppose, Mr. Hammond's *possible* in favor of German literature, but the asthetics (the compositor is respectfully requested not to print this word—asthmatics) will tell him that he has begun at the wrong end, and that the tastes of the romanticists ought to be subjected to those of the classicists, and also that he hasn't put nearly enough blue fire into the piece. In this latter opinion we concur, but reserve our dicta as to the former until the Whigs and the wet weather are got rid of. In the present melancholy state of everything, we are much too hippish to take a clear view of any subject; and if our theatrical notices this week are less sparkling than usual, our readers must be good enough to divide their execrations between Murphy and Melbourne—both pretty well used to that sort of salutation.

Miss Delcy made her appearance as Agatha, in the diabolical opera. It will be recollected that this is the second character, only, since her introduction to the stage, although she seems already planted among us as a standing favorite. Her success was, of course, unequivocal—when does genius fail? The tremendous task prescribed for her in the second act, she performed, apparently, without effort, except in two or three of the extraordinary, we had almost said unnatural exertions, which the music requires, and even in those she appeared to have but to cope with Weber's impossibilities to master them. Few who heard her exquisite transition from the supplication to the outburst of irrepressible exultation, will forget it—we have a vow in heaven against fine writing—but it seemed as if inspiration had followed her prayer. And the cavatina in the following act was sweetly given, so far as we could catch the notes, but the entrance of the second price occupied the time of its delivery. Why do not the managers abate this intolerable nuisance, and prevent the *play goers* from being annoyed by the mob of *saloon haunters*, who come rushing and chattering in at the most critical part of most performances, in all the glory of blacked yard measures, and kid gloves at one-and-a-penny-halfpenny? Mr. Macready put a stop to this by one of the most sensible regulations of his management—the exclusion of the half-price, as a general rule, until after the third act of a play, or the second of an opera. To return to Miss Delcy. She has repeated Agatha on three subsequent evenings, and has not improved, for that were impossible, but has confirmed her success. We are truly happy to find that our estimate of this young lady's abilities was so accurate, and that there is so long a course of triumph before her. *En passant*—we said a few words last week about an article, which, when little boys, were once told, by an old nurse, that ladies sometimes wore. If Miss Delcy would look at them—the hint we ventured to another lady might, also, be of no disservice to her. Henry Phillips was Caspar, and was well received. This is far from being one of his best characters, but he does it respectably. Phillips is, even yet, scarcely understood; his great strength lies in solemn or sacred music, and then be is unrivalled, from his immense power, and sound taste. On the boards we never liked him; and as for his acting we should, without scruple, recommend him to insure Mr. Braham's life in one of the highly equitable offices we advertise; he has clearly a beneficial interest in it, for when that gentleman shall be gathered to the bosom of his namesake, Phillips will be the worst actor in England. Fraser is improving rapidly—his Rudolph was full of good passages. Madame Pilati was placed in a character which ought to have been filled by Mrs. Alban Croft, and concerning which we hope a foolish story, somewhat current just now, is not true. Miss Delcy needs no foil, and Hammond should throw as much of his strength as possible into every piece he produces. The opera is indifferently got up—the incantation scene was wretched. This is ungrateful, for *Der Frieschutz* would never have pleased "a British audience," but for the devilry, and it is written in the Koraun, "abuse not the horse which hath brought thee from the battle," or it is not there, we are not quite sure which.

Hackett, the American, is here; a hard actor, but clever. His Monsieur Mallet is worth seeing, and would be better so if the clap-trap trash about loyalty to the memory of Napoleon, &c., &c., were subjected to the excise operation; as foreign trumpery. Moreover there are some posturers here, calling themselves the Shaver family, or something of that sort; the smallest whereof we opine to be a monkey; all very clever. It is the misfortune, and not the fault of the biggest but one, if he is a rather flattering likeness of Lord Howick.

PITT AND THE FRENCH SPY.

Shortly after the breaking out of the revolution, its advocates denounced our premier as "an enemy to the human race:" that man "so easy to live with," who sung the song about himself, called, "Billy Pitt the tory." His secretary one day told him that a foreigner, who spoke English tolerably well, had twice or thrice asked to see him; but, not looking like a proper applicant, had been sent away; the great man's time being too precious for him to admit every stranger, who, on frivolous pretexts, might seek to gratify an idle curiosity; but this person had said he should return in an hour; the secretary, therefore, thought it his duty to inform Mr Pitt of such intention, and ask his further orders in the affair. "Have the goodness," said the minister, "to open the top left hand drawer in that cabinet, and bring me its contents." These were a pair of pistols and a morocco case; opening the latter, he produced a snuff-box, in which was set a portrait. "Is that like our visitor?" asked Mr. Pitt. "It is the man, sir," answered the secretary. "Ha! I have expected him for some days; he is sent over to assassinate me; *so*, when he calls again, let him be shown up." "Sir!" exclaimed the attached retainer, "will you expose to danger your life, on which so much depends?" "There will be no danger, I thank you; but you may be within call, if you please." Accordingly the Frenchman, on his return, was ushered into the room where William Pitt sat alone, a loaded pistol in one hand, the miniature in the other. "Monsieur Mehée de la Touche," he said calmly, "you see I am, in every way, prepared for you: thanks to an agent employed by *this* government. Attempt my life, and your own instantly pays the forfeit. At best, I shall have you secured, and given over to the law." The intended assassin stood paralyzed and stricken dumb by this coolness. "But," continued Pitt, "there is another alternative; personal safety and high rewards are in your power. Sell your secret service to Great Britain; make your market of whatever information you can procure, that may guard us against the machinations of your country; be, in fact, one of the necessary evils which policy forces us to use in desperate cases; do what no honorable man could do, to save yourself from speedy death; your conscience is stained by intended murder. Comply, perforce, with these conditions, and you shall be as liberally paid, as you must, by all parties, be justly despised." The clever miscreant joyfully accepted these terms; and, for many years, earned the bribes of a spy in our behalf.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839, enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular dansense, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Since then portraits, in the same style of excellence, of JOHN BASCOMBE and Imp. LEVIATHAN have been published, to be followed by others of SHARK, MONARCH, and HEDGEFORD, all of which will appear before the close of the present volume (9th March, 1840).

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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